

ULTIMATE

SPIDER-MAN

ISSUE

49

HERO



BENDIS  
BAGLEY  
THIBERT

MARVEL



# ULTIMATE SPIDER-MAN #49

# 70 YEARS OF MARVEL COMICS

© 2010 Marvel Characters, Inc. All rights reserved.

© 2010 Marvel Characters, Inc. All rights reserved. All characters featured in this issue and the distinctive names and likenesses thereof, and all related indicia are trademarks of Marvel Characters, Inc. No similarity between any of the names, characters, persons, and/or institutions in this magazine with those of any living or dead person or institution is intended, and any such similarity which may exist is purely coincidental.

[WWW.MARVEL.COM](http://WWW.MARVEL.COM)

70 YEARS  
MARVEL  
COMICS









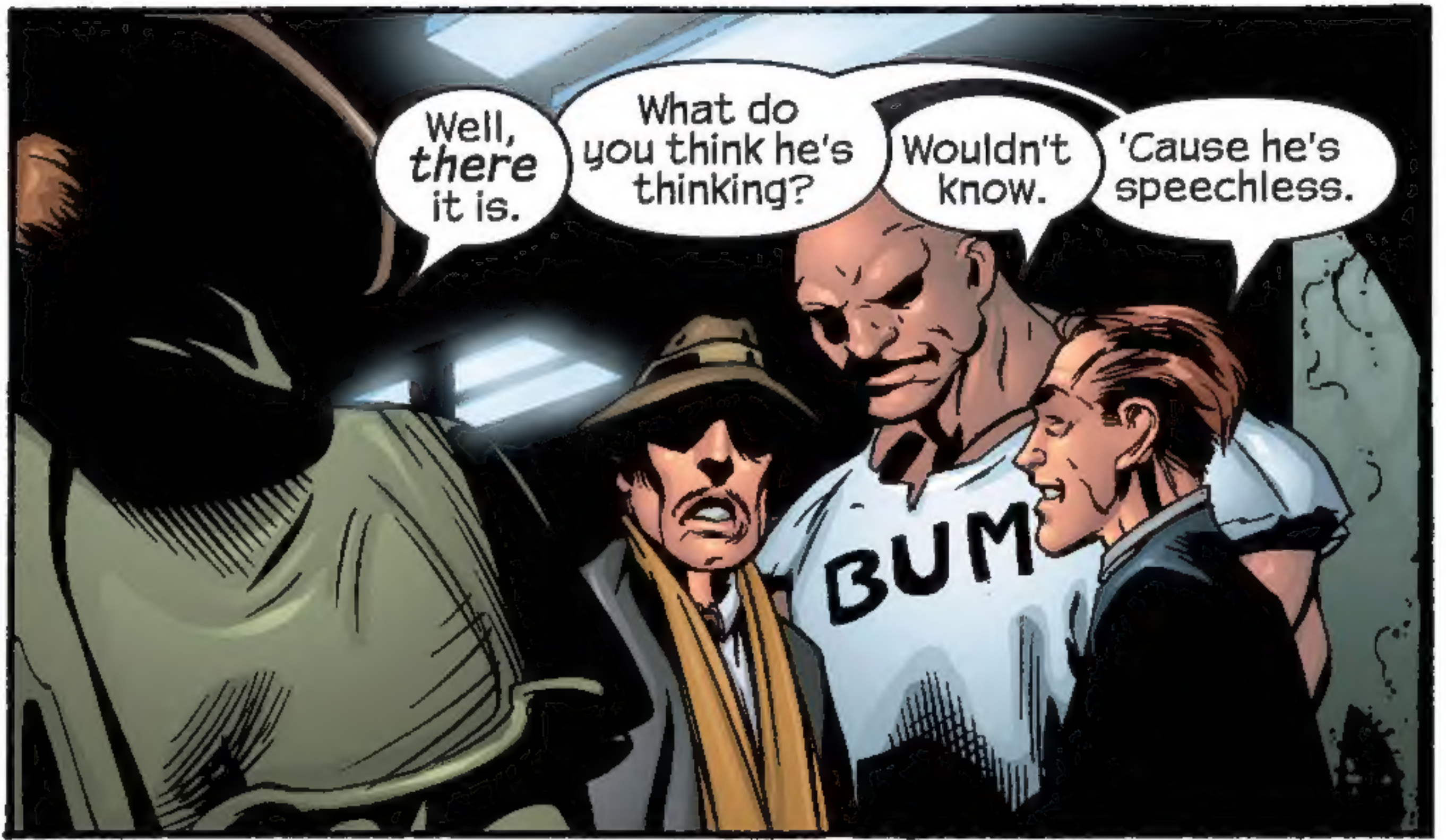
I think he's speechless.

You know, I've *never* seen that before.

What?

Someone *actually* struck speechless.

You *hear* about it, I mean, *sure*, but I've never actually ever seen it.



Well, *there* it is.

What do you think he's thinking?

Wouldn't know.

'Cause he's speechless.



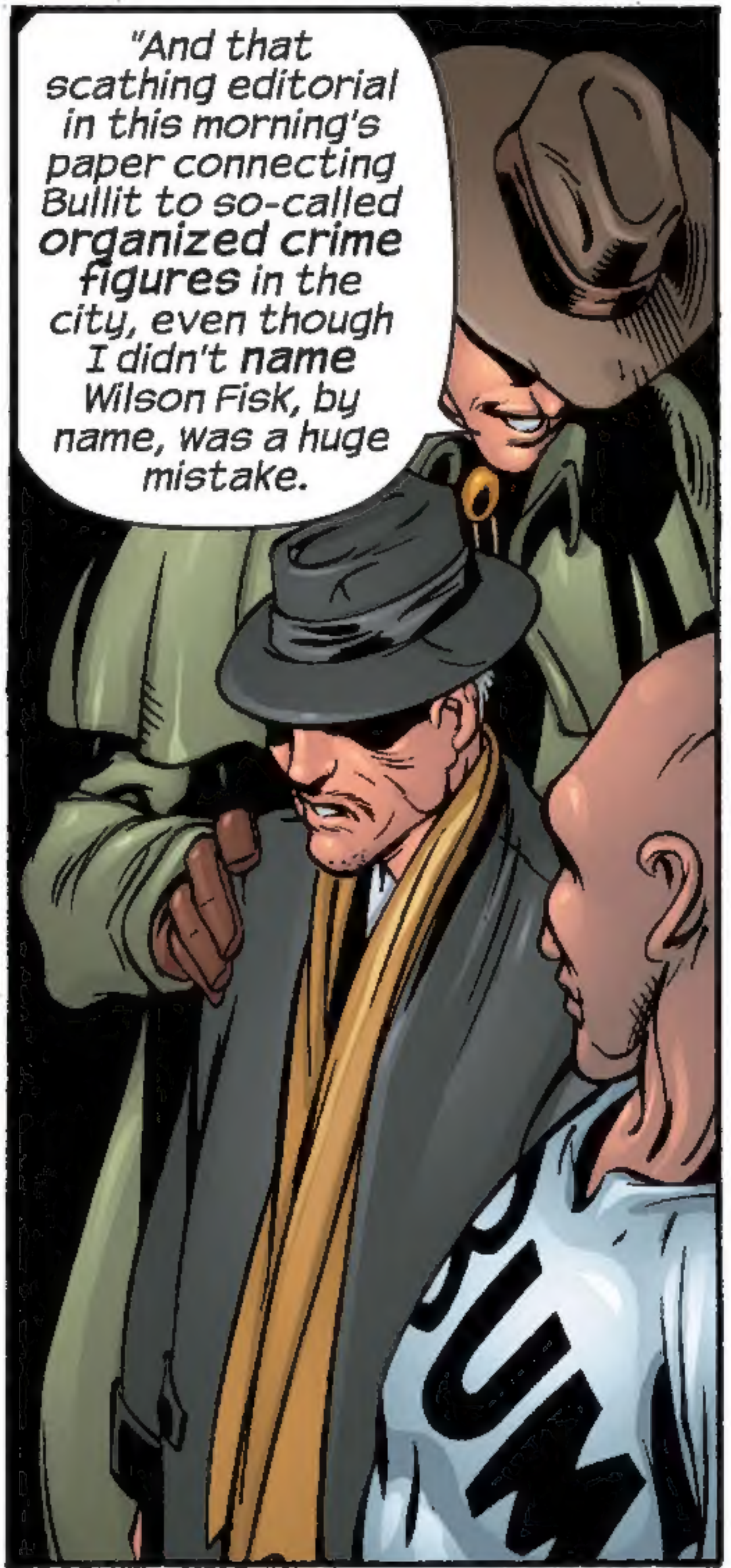
Exactly.

I think it might be something along the lines of: "*Pleeeeeeaaase!!!*"

"Please don't kill me!"

"Please, I-I-I made a *huge* mistake going back on my word that the Daily Bugle would endorse the Sam Bullit candidacy.

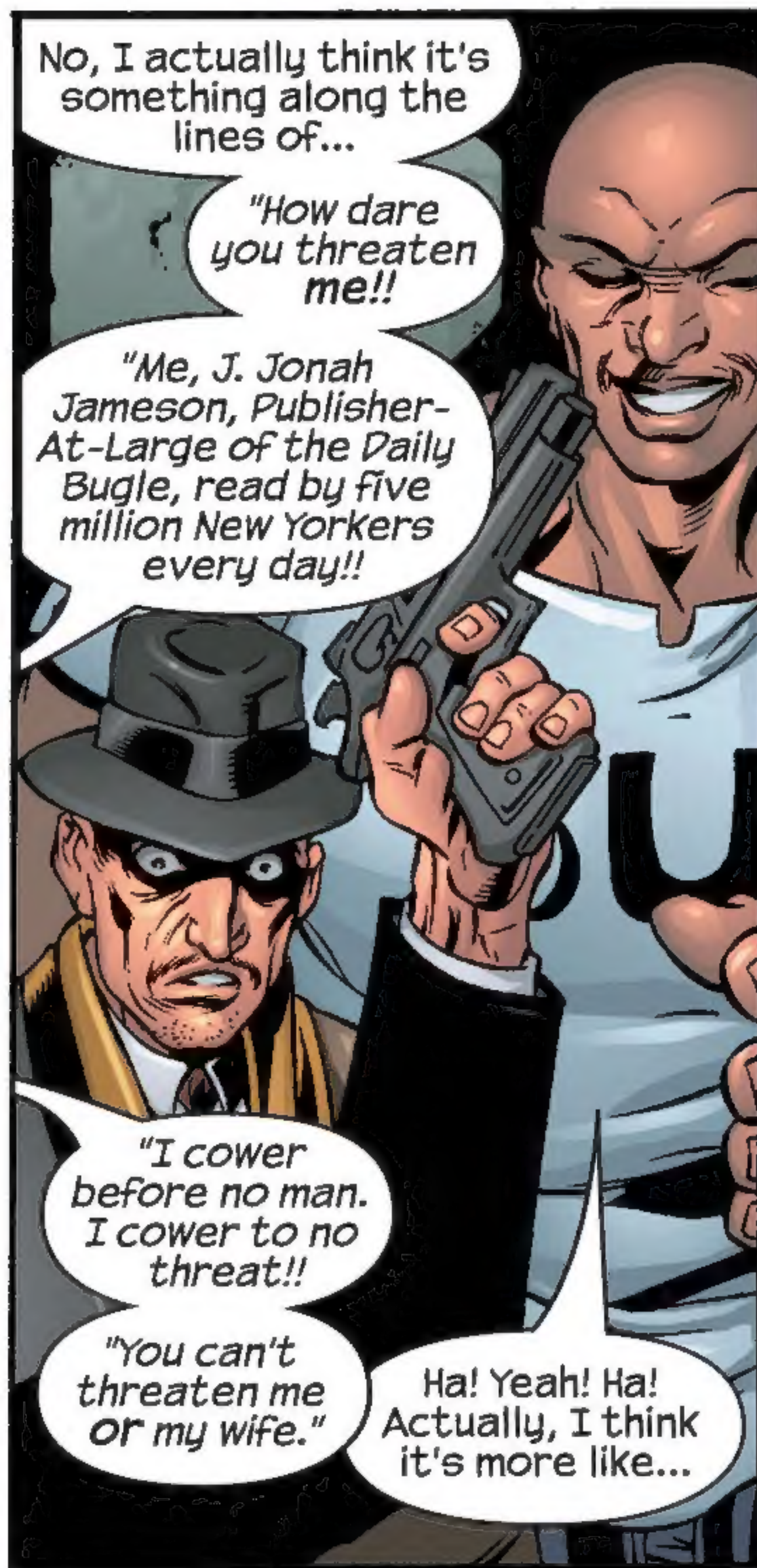
"I made a promise and then I broke it!!



"And that scathing editorial in this morning's paper connecting Bullit to so-called organized crime figures in the city, even though I didn't name Wilson Fisk, by name, was a huge mistake.



"I mean if I knew for sure just how powerful Sam Bullit's friends were, or how important he was to the Kingpin, I would never, ever, ever have done that."



No, I actually think it's something along the lines of...

"How dare you threaten me!!

"Me, J. Jonah Jameson, Publisher-At-Large of the Daily Bugle, read by five million New Yorkers every day!!

"I cower before no man. I cower to no threat!!

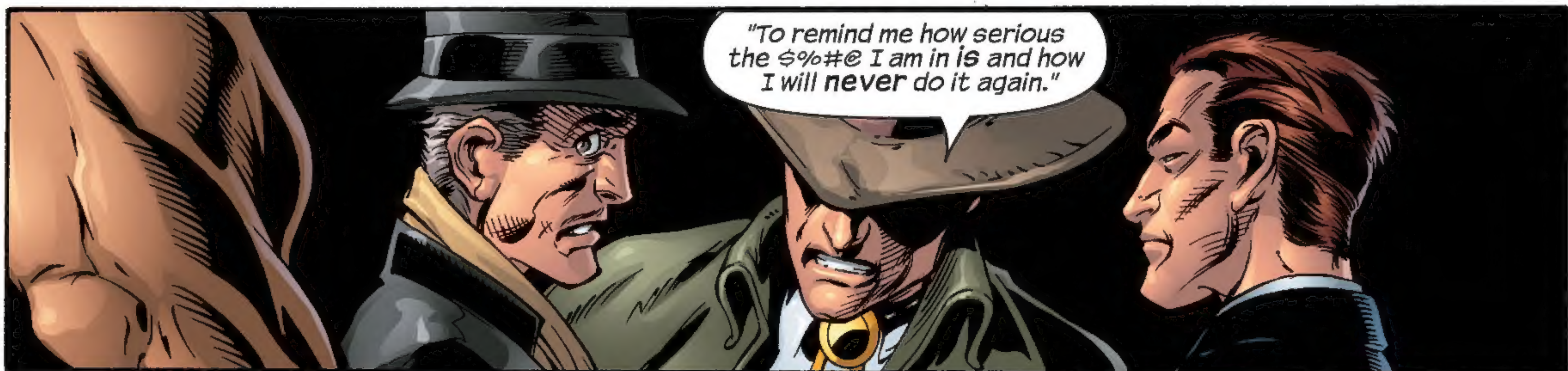
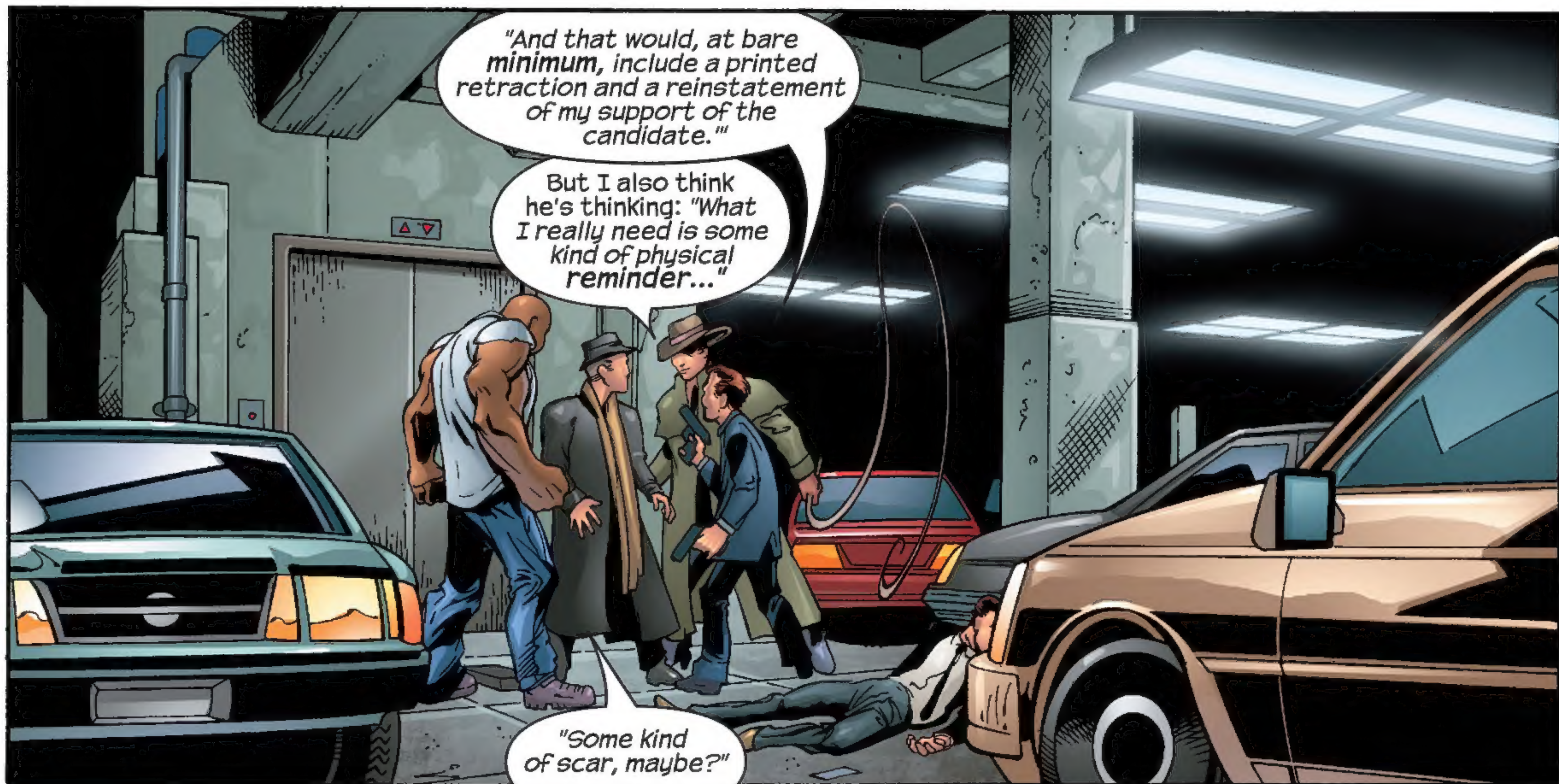
"You can't threaten me or my wife."

Ha! Yeah! Ha! Actually, I think it's more like...



"I made a huge \$%#&ing error in judgement and I am going to do everything in my power to rectify the situation."









...if *you* guys thought of it too.

I mean, *really*.

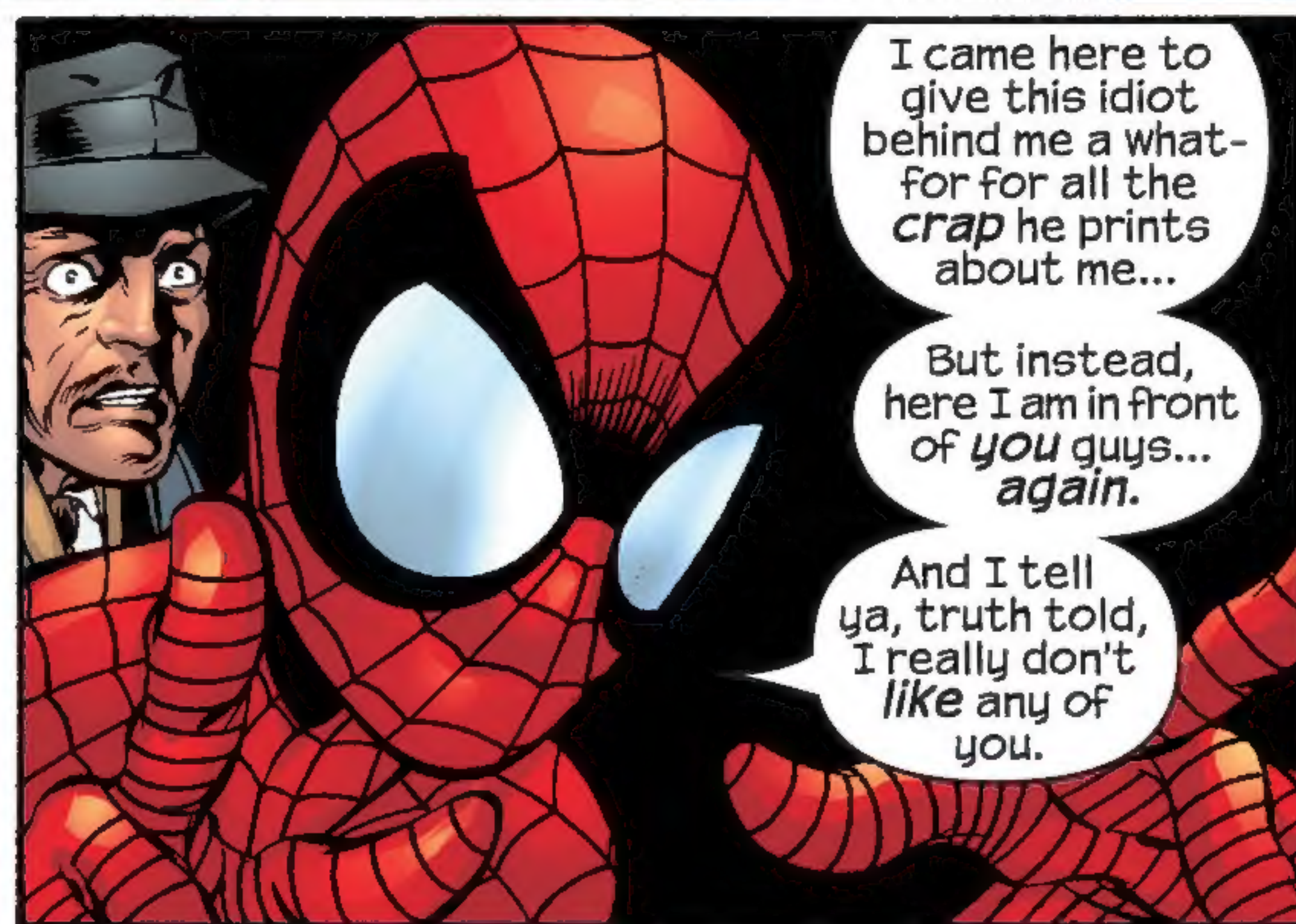


I-I can't believe this.

Why are *you* here?

Let me!

No, no, why are *you* here??



I came here to give this idiot behind me a what-for for all the *crap* he prints about me...

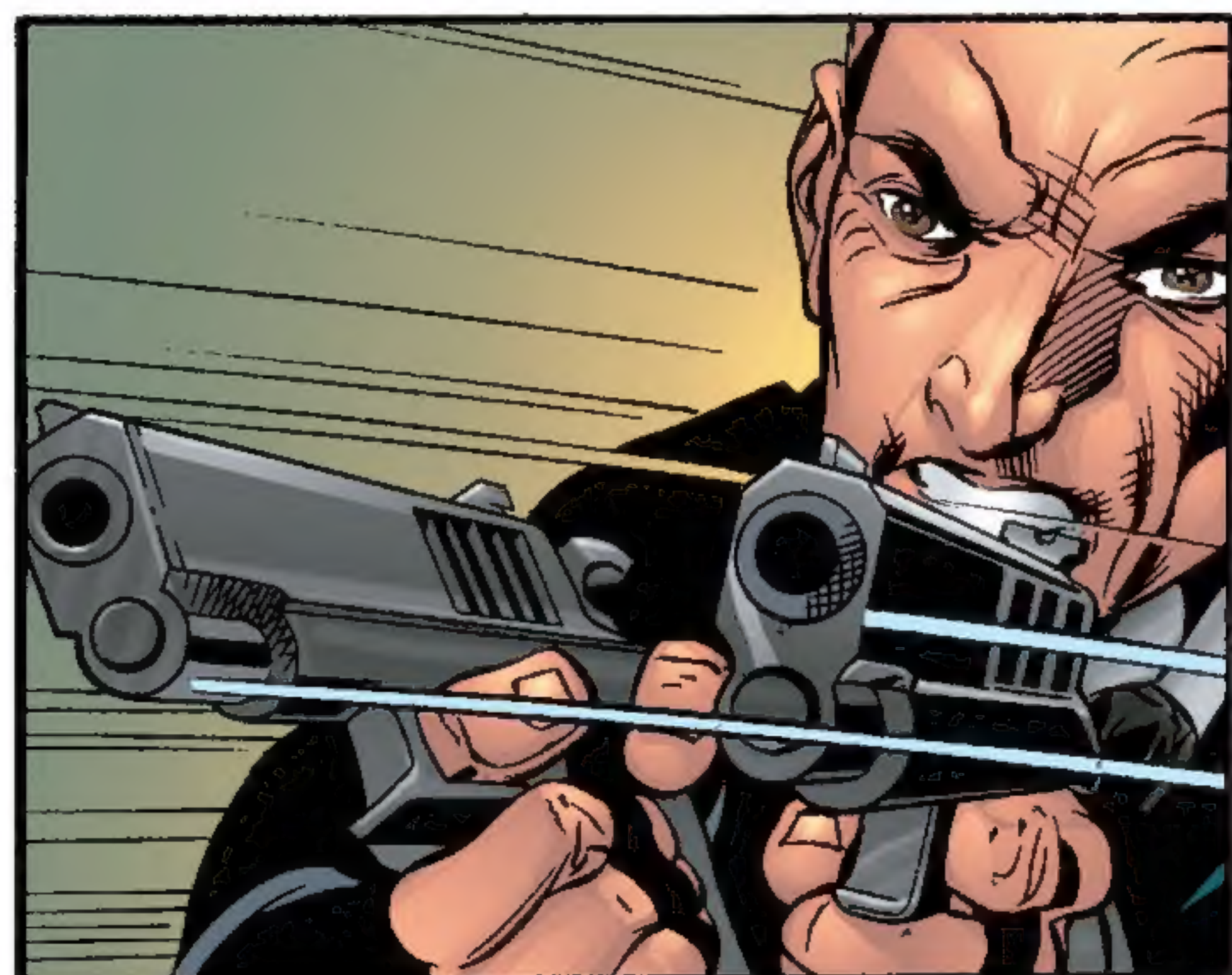
But instead, here I am in front of *you* guys... *again*.

And I tell ya, truth told, I really don't *like* any of you.

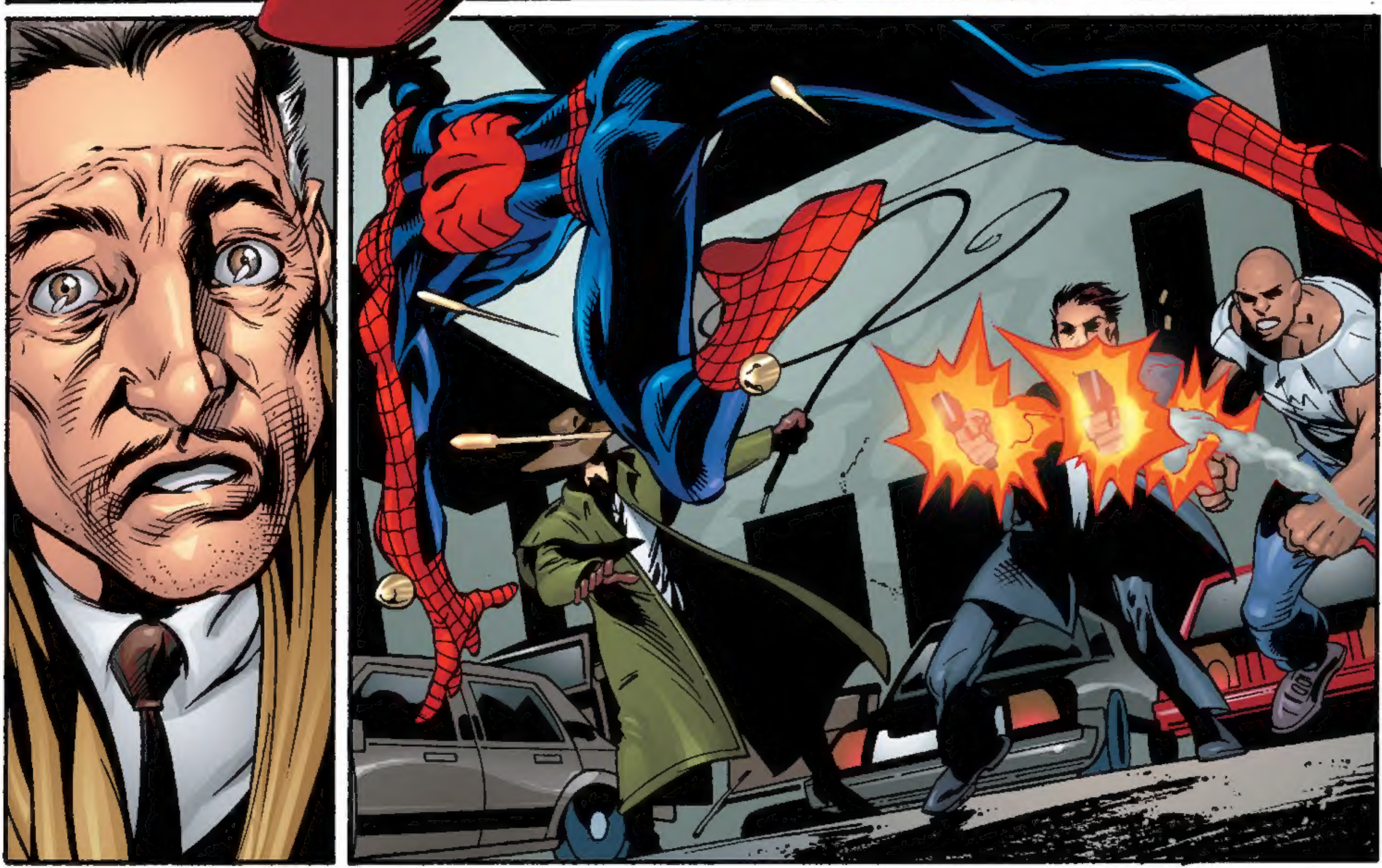
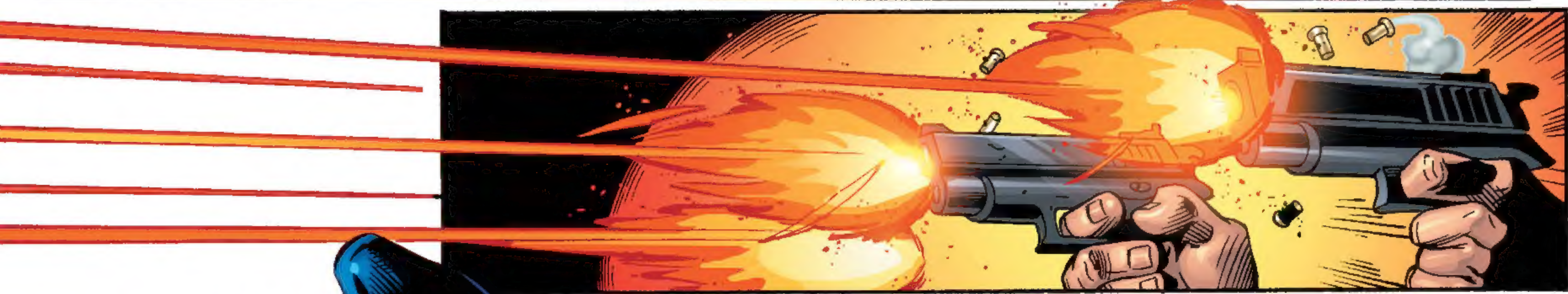


And now I actually have to kick *you* guys' dingles to save *his*?

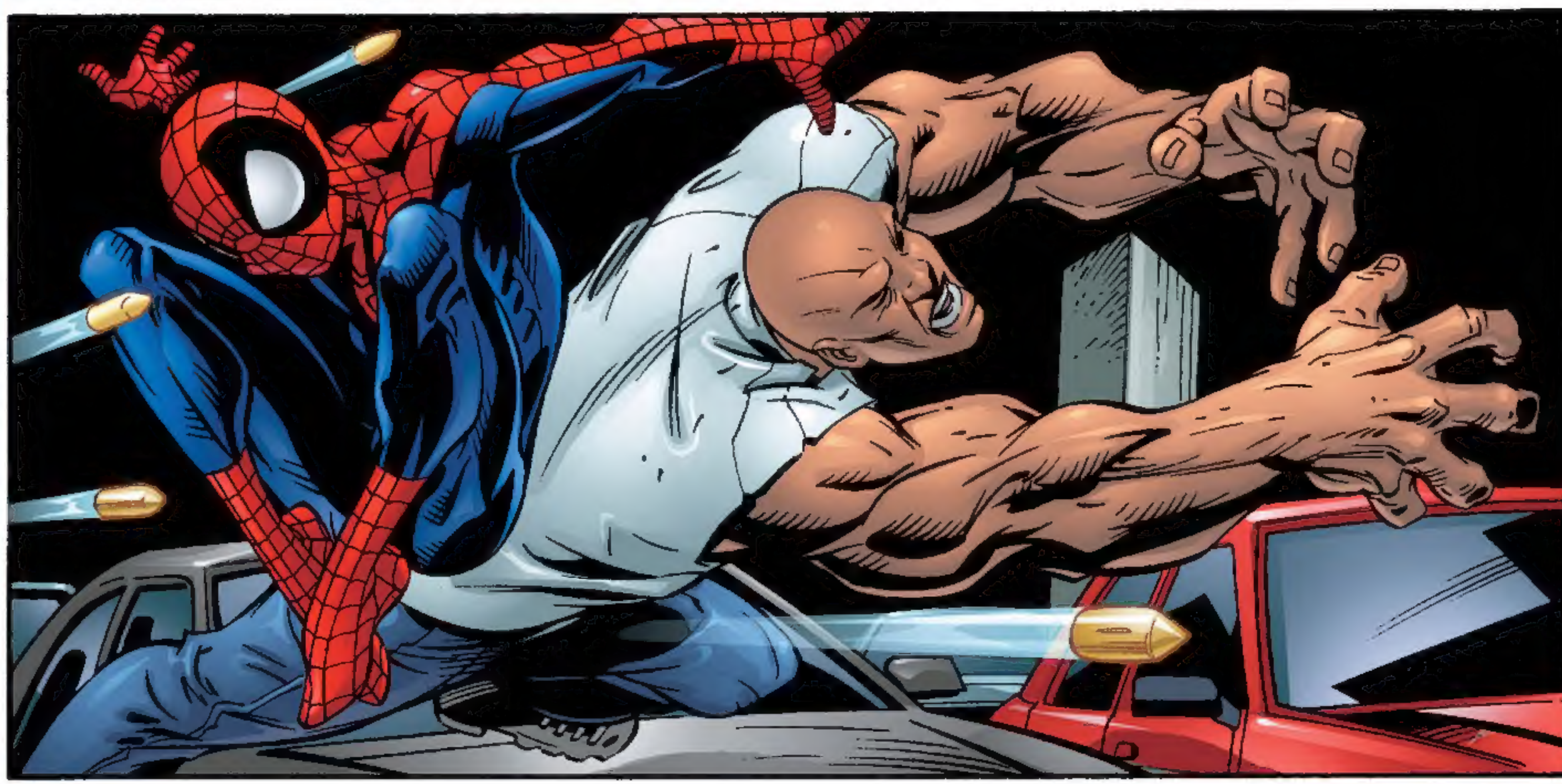
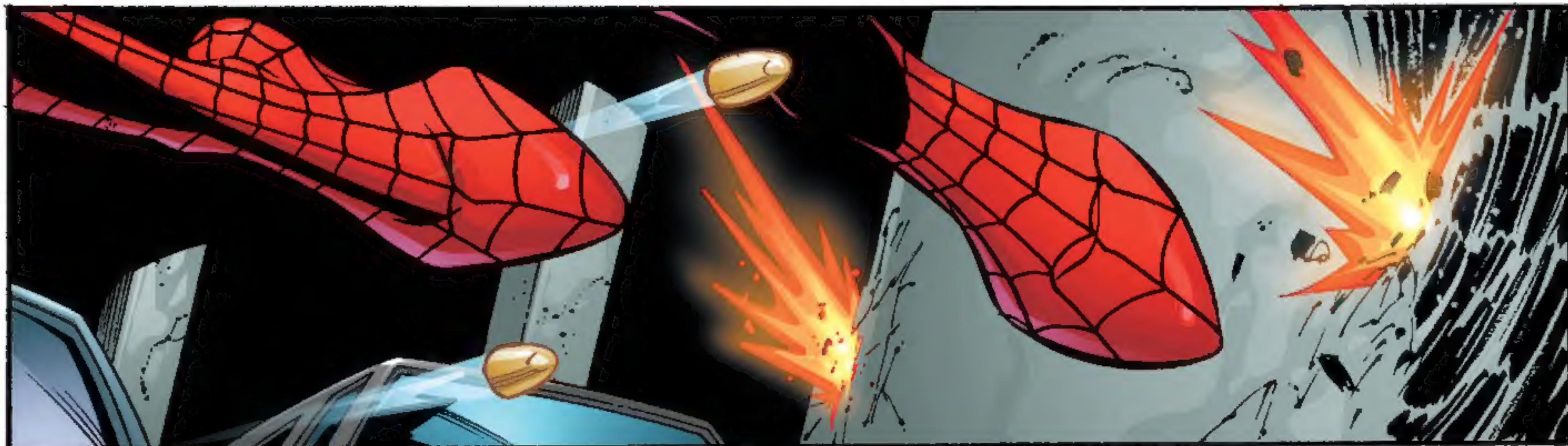
Well, that puts me in one of those positions where I--



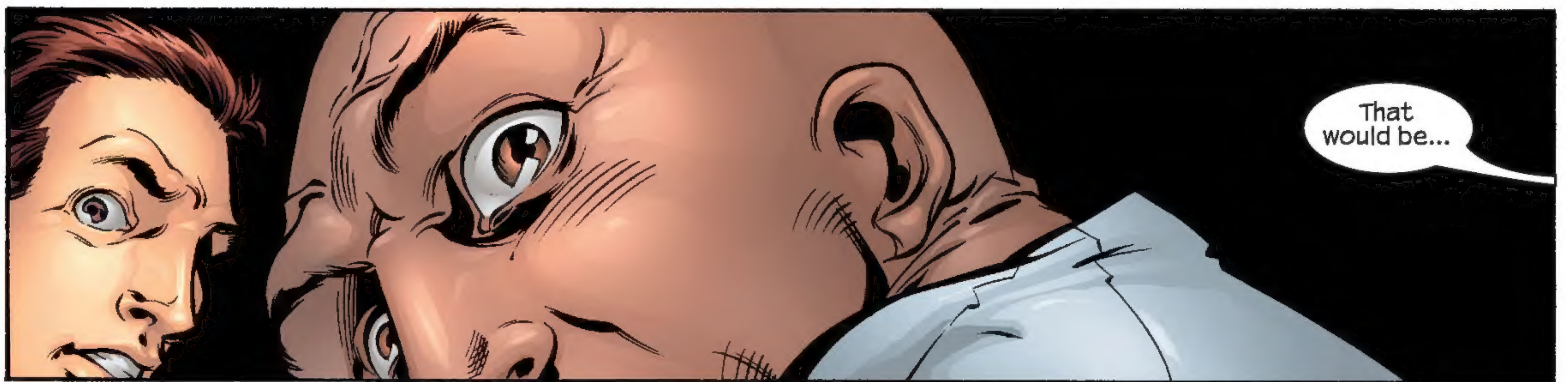




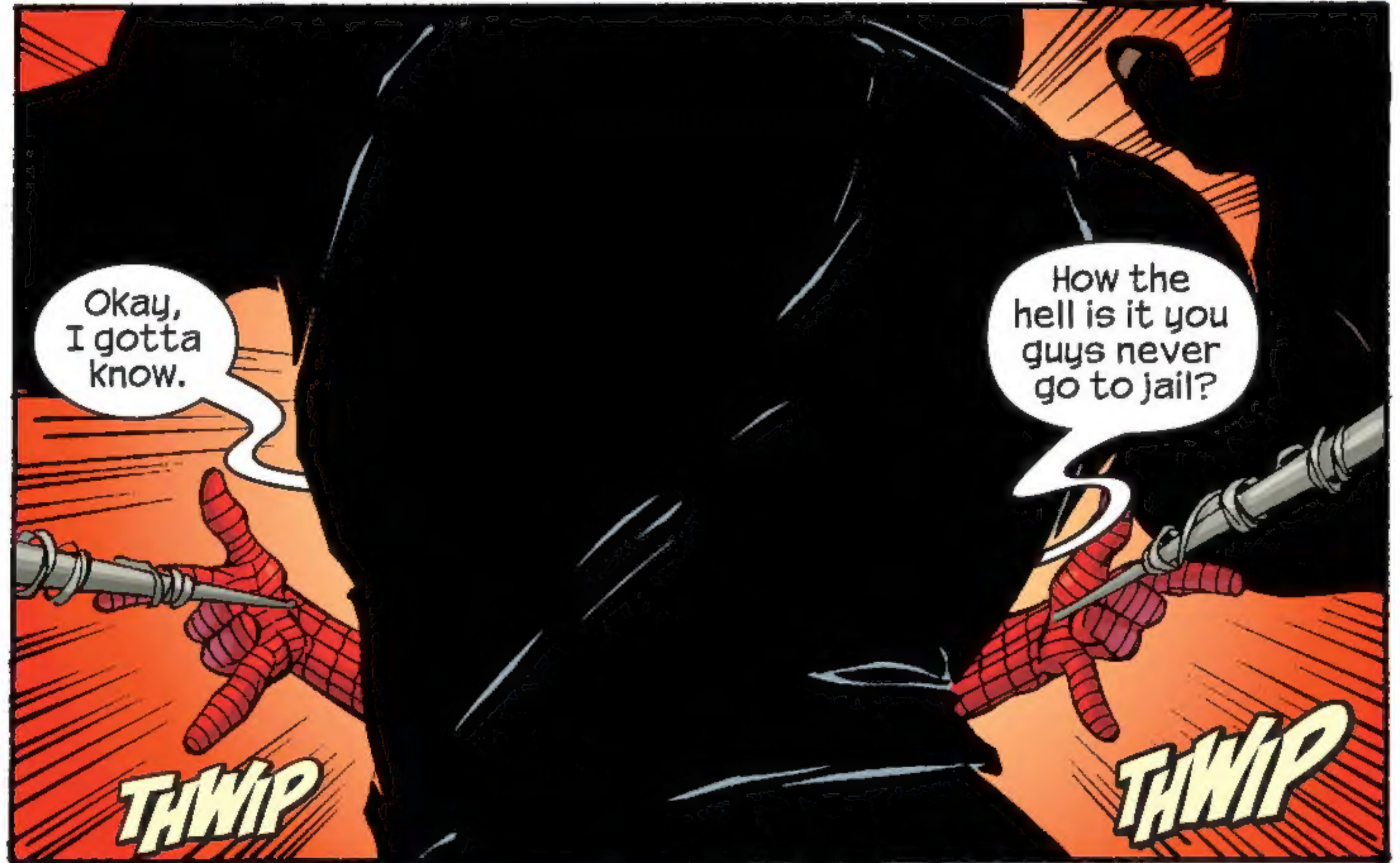




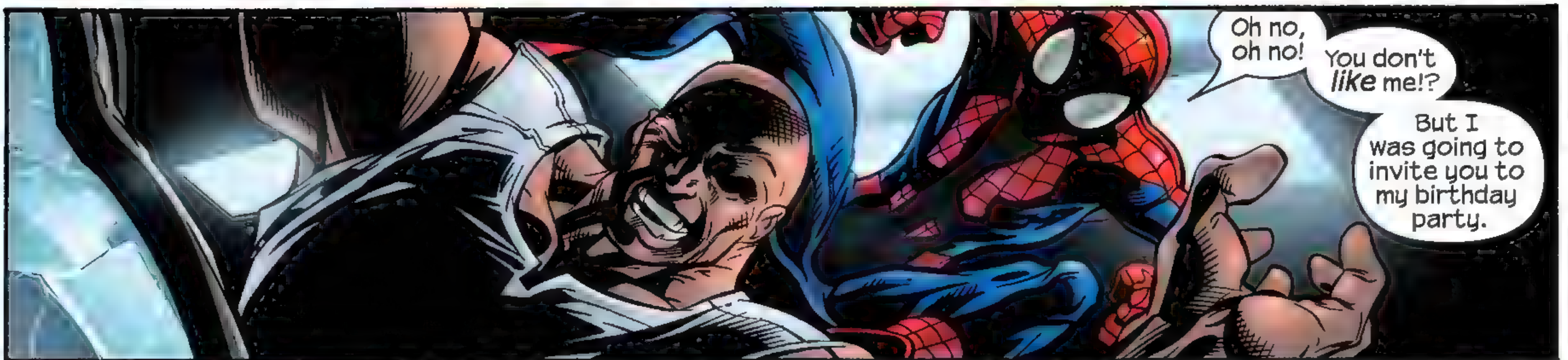
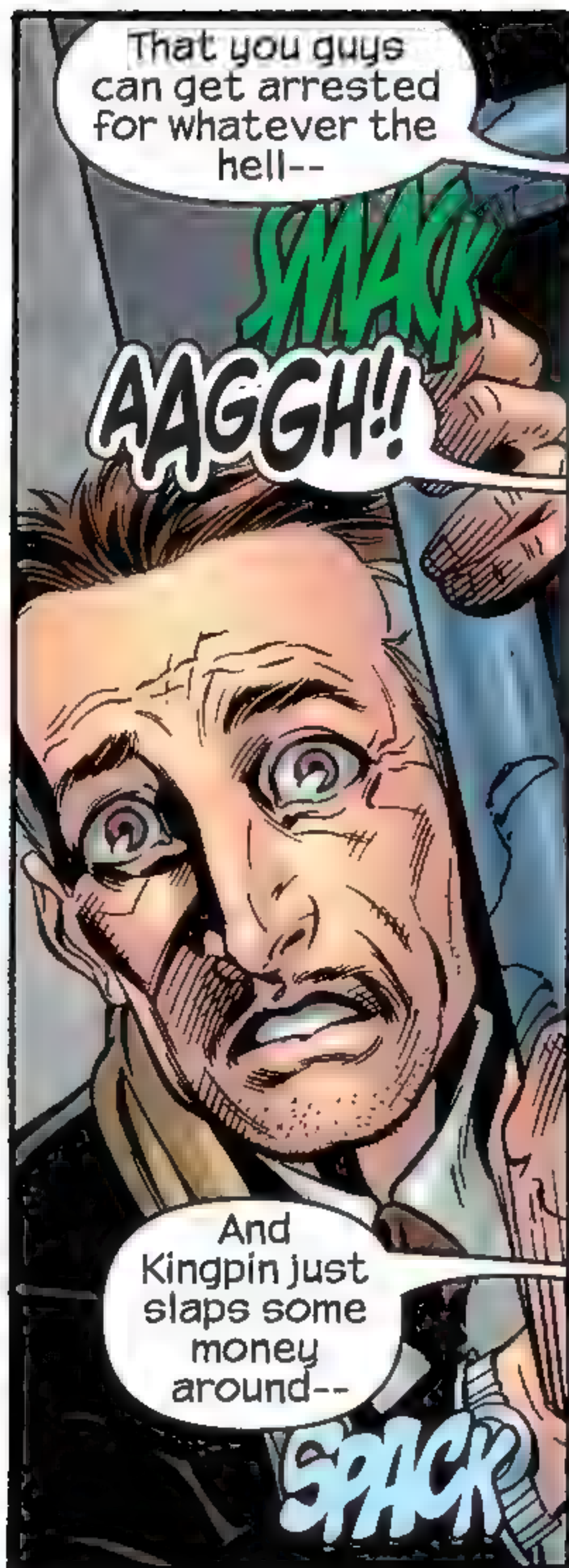




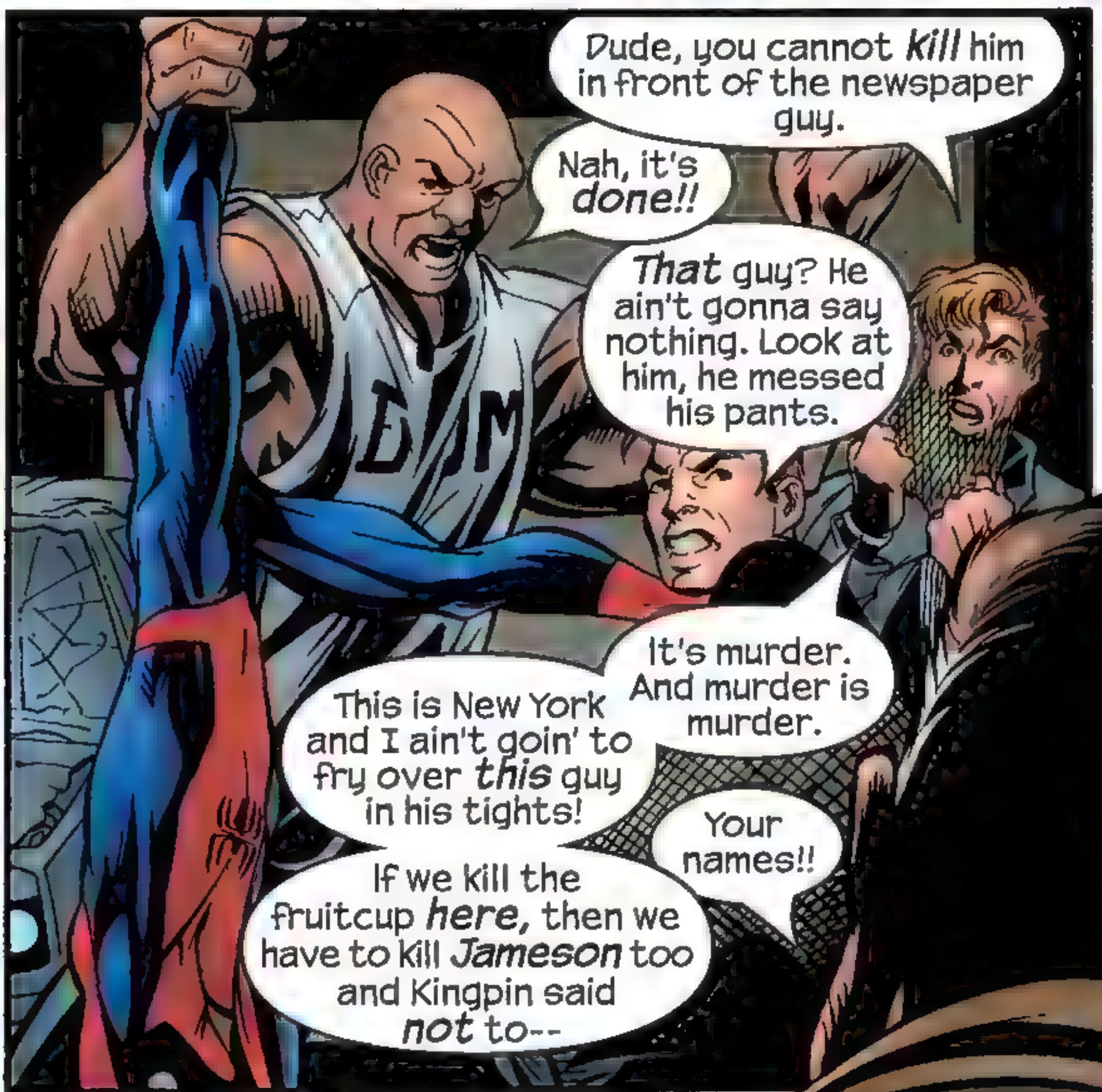
















How long have you worked for Wilson Fisk, AKA the Kingpin?



The hell are you doing?



You said earlier that the Kingpin sent you here to rough me up so I would change my endorsement of his candidate Sam Bullit.



My question to *you* is how *long* have you worked as muscle for the Kingpin?



Are you *serious* with this?

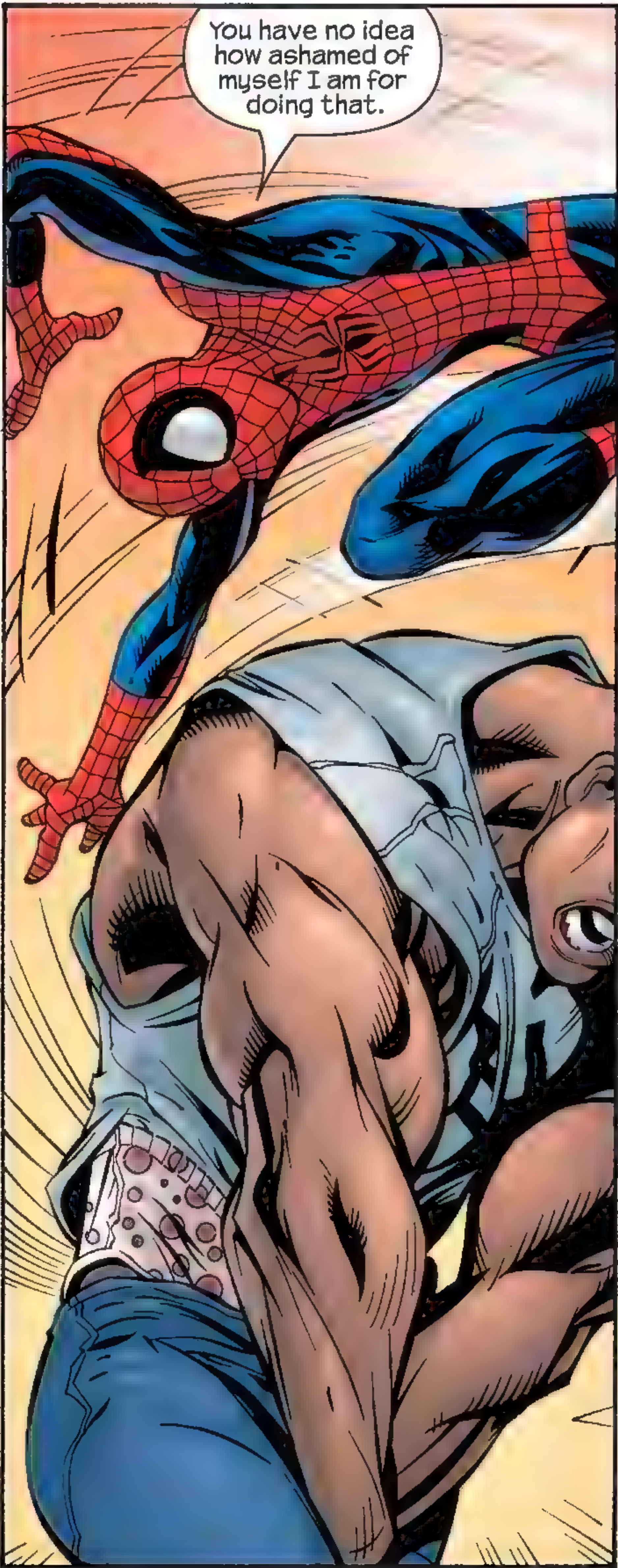
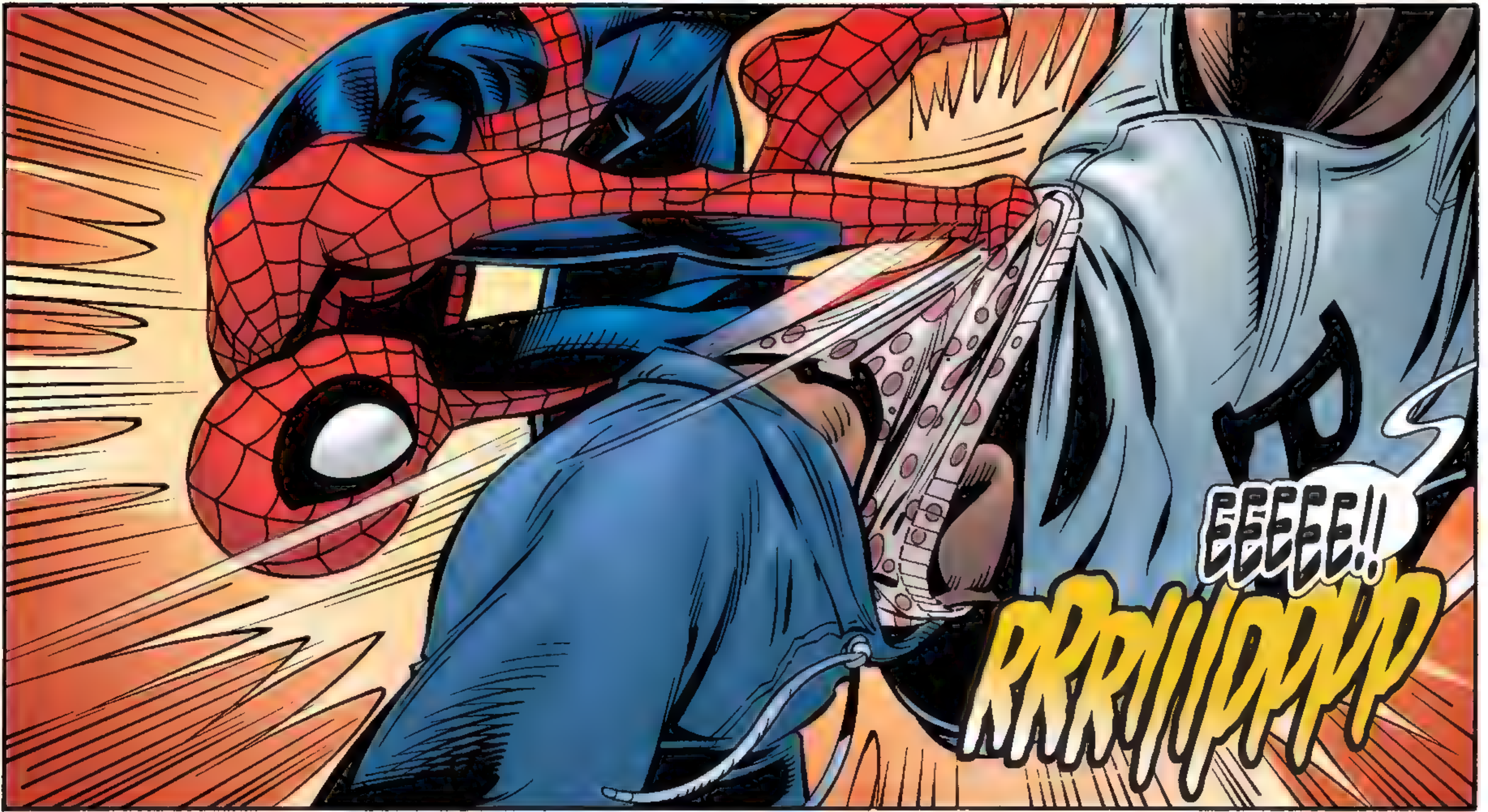
What is Kingpin's interest in Sam Bullit's candidacy?



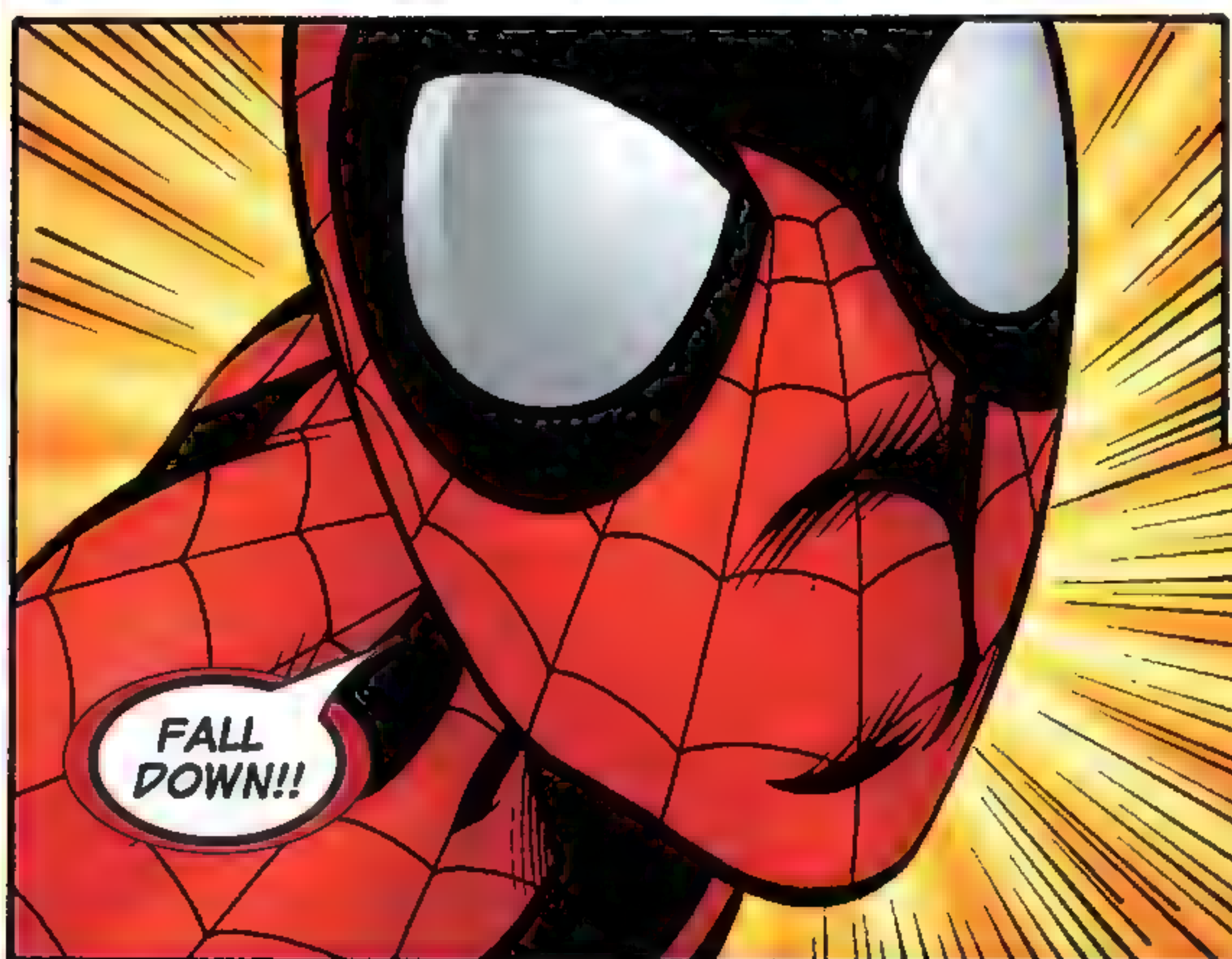
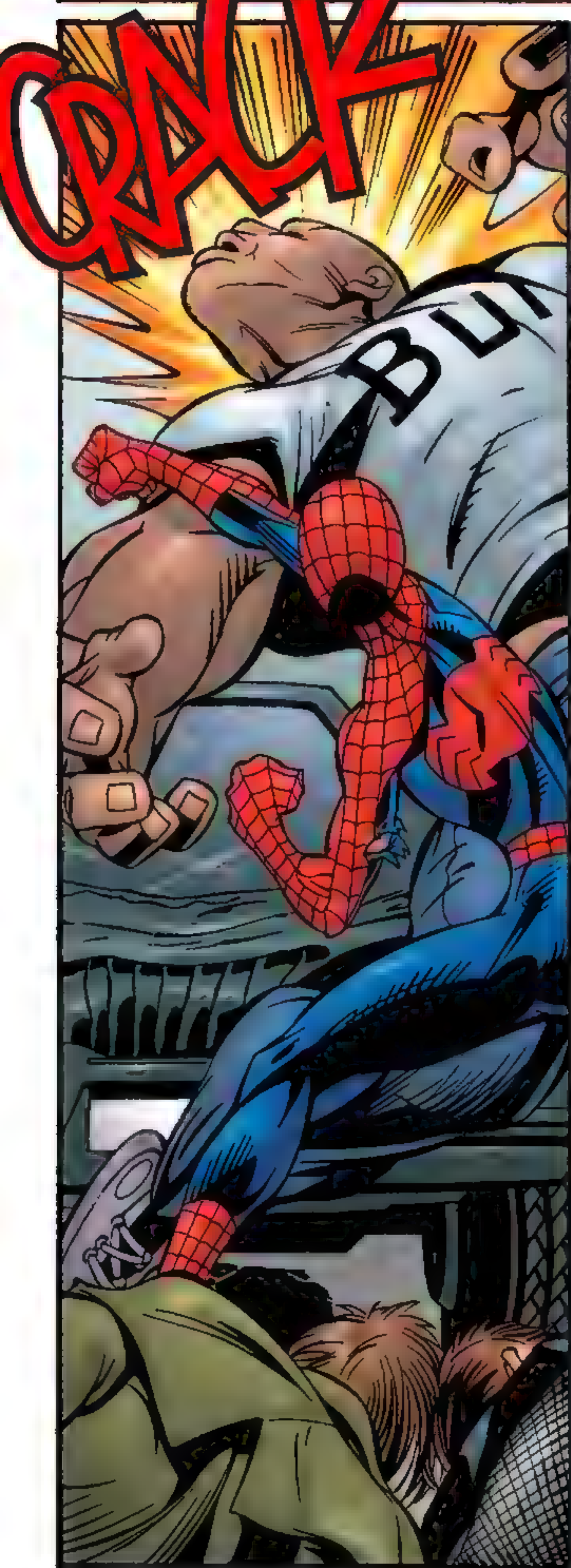
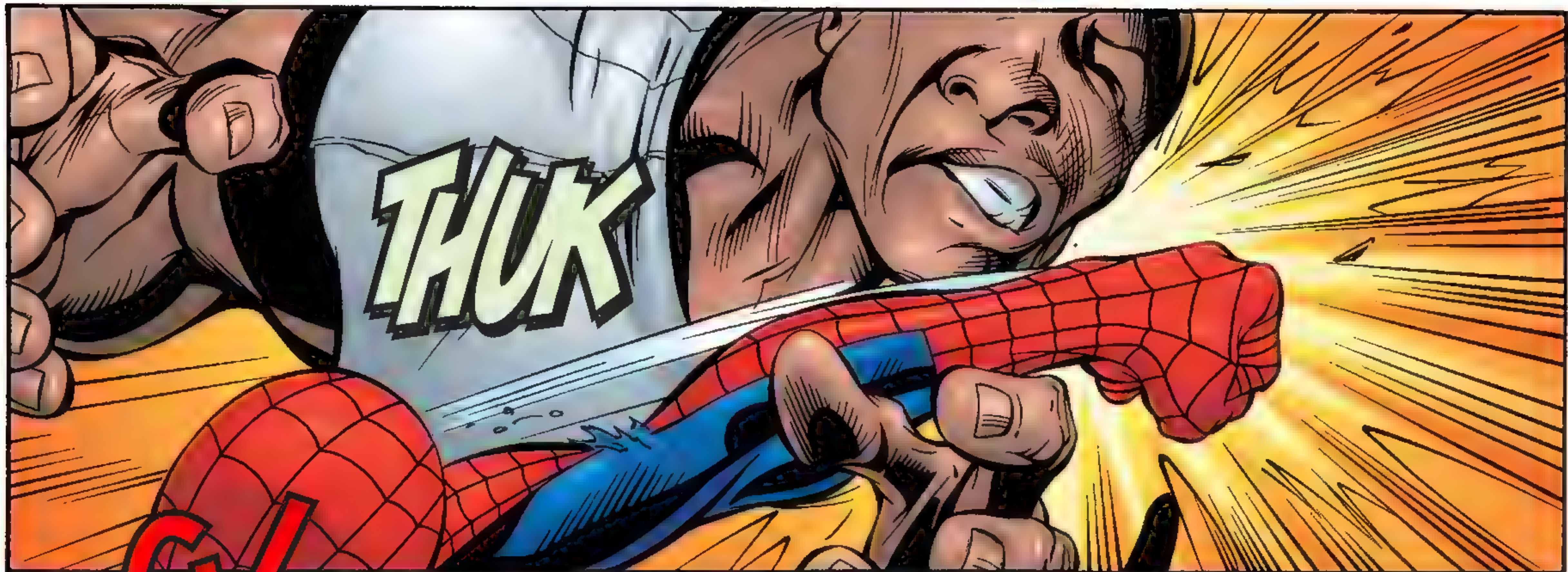
You are out of your gourd, man!

Now you listen and listen good, you're going to retract all your disobedient--

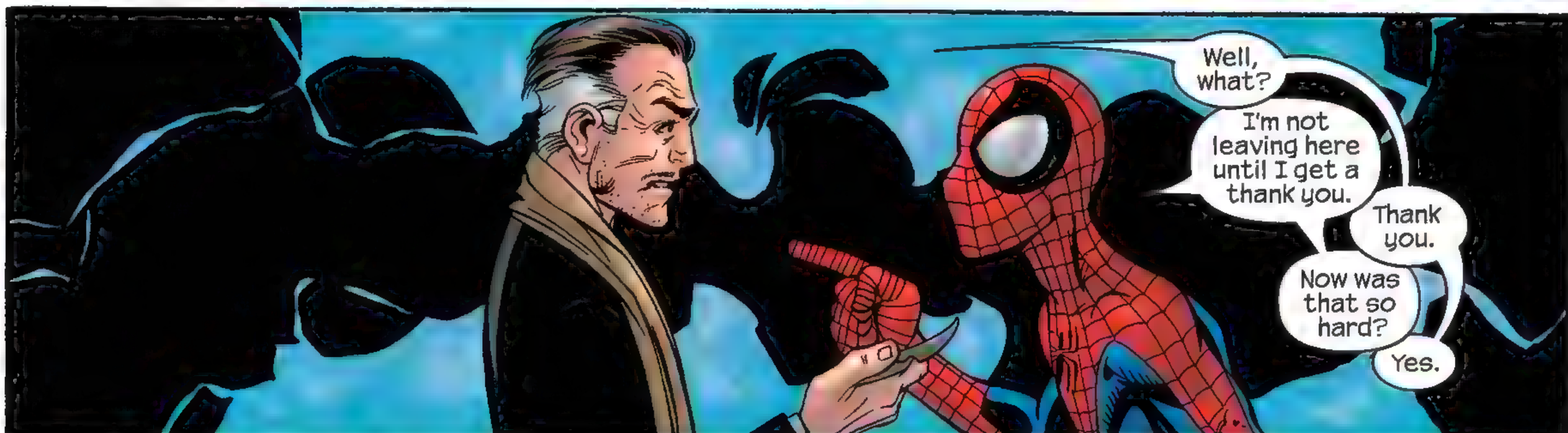
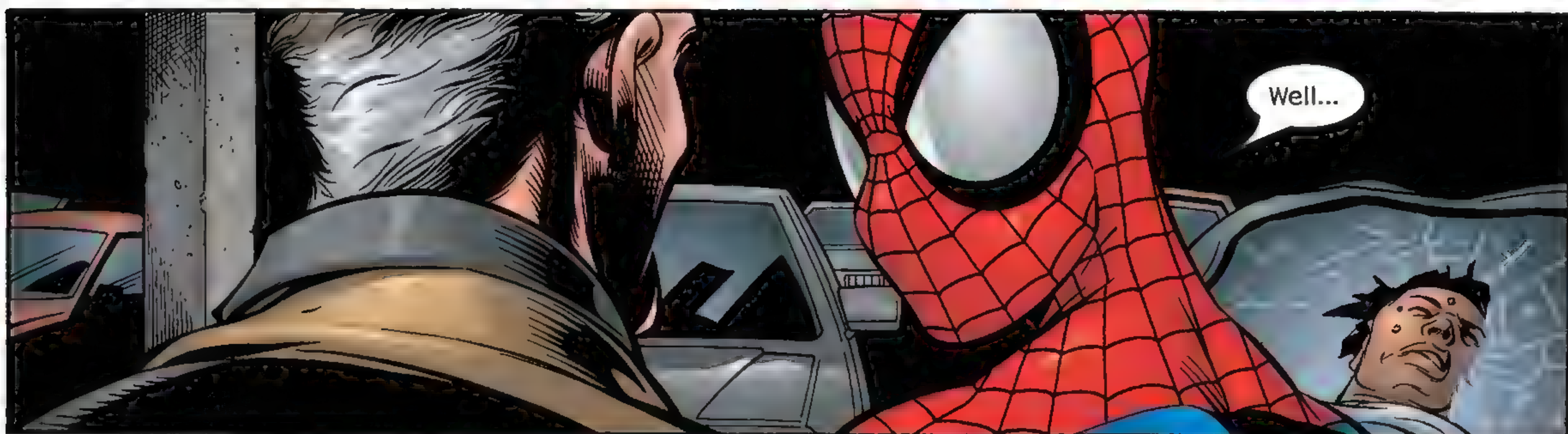




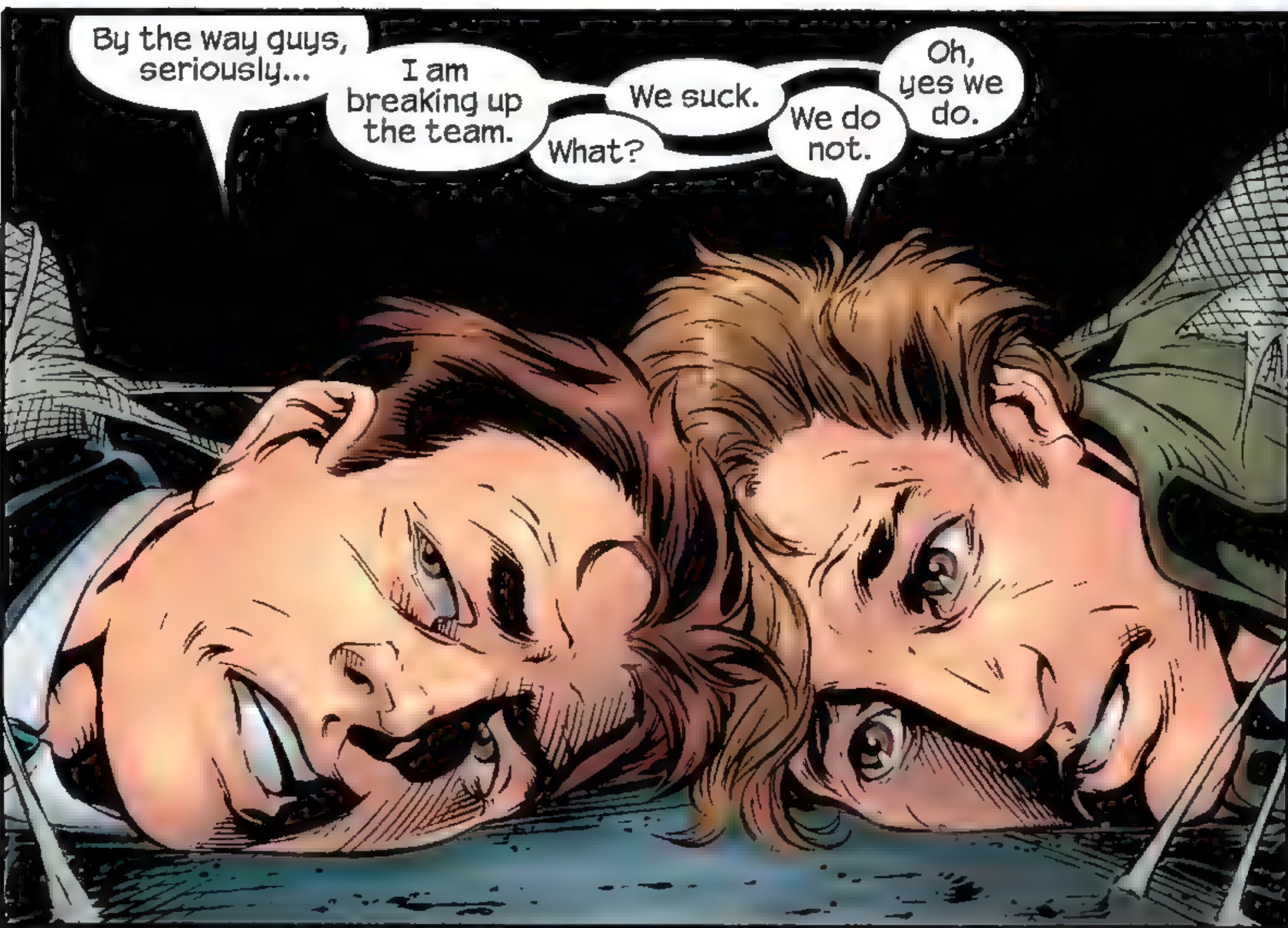
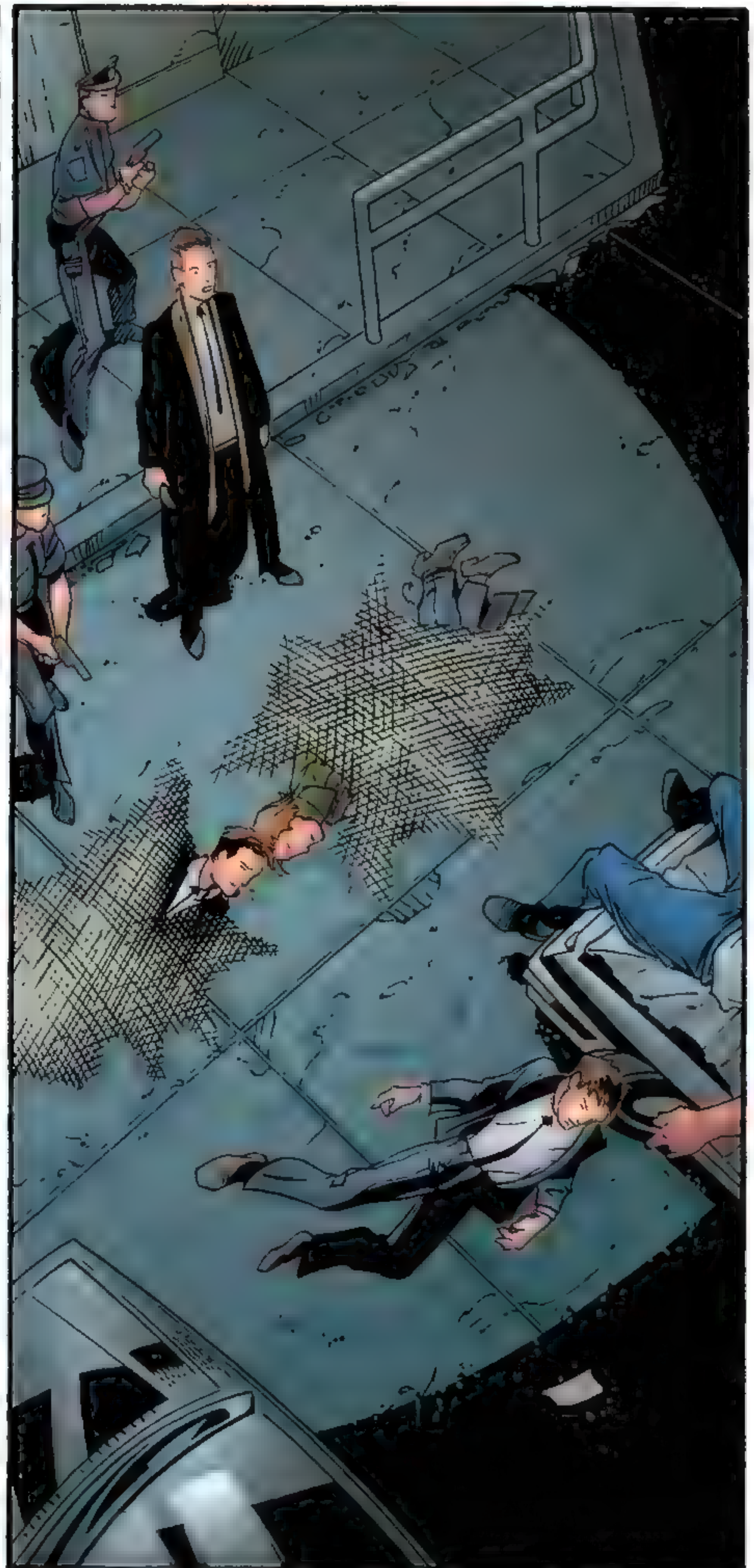
















I can't believe it!

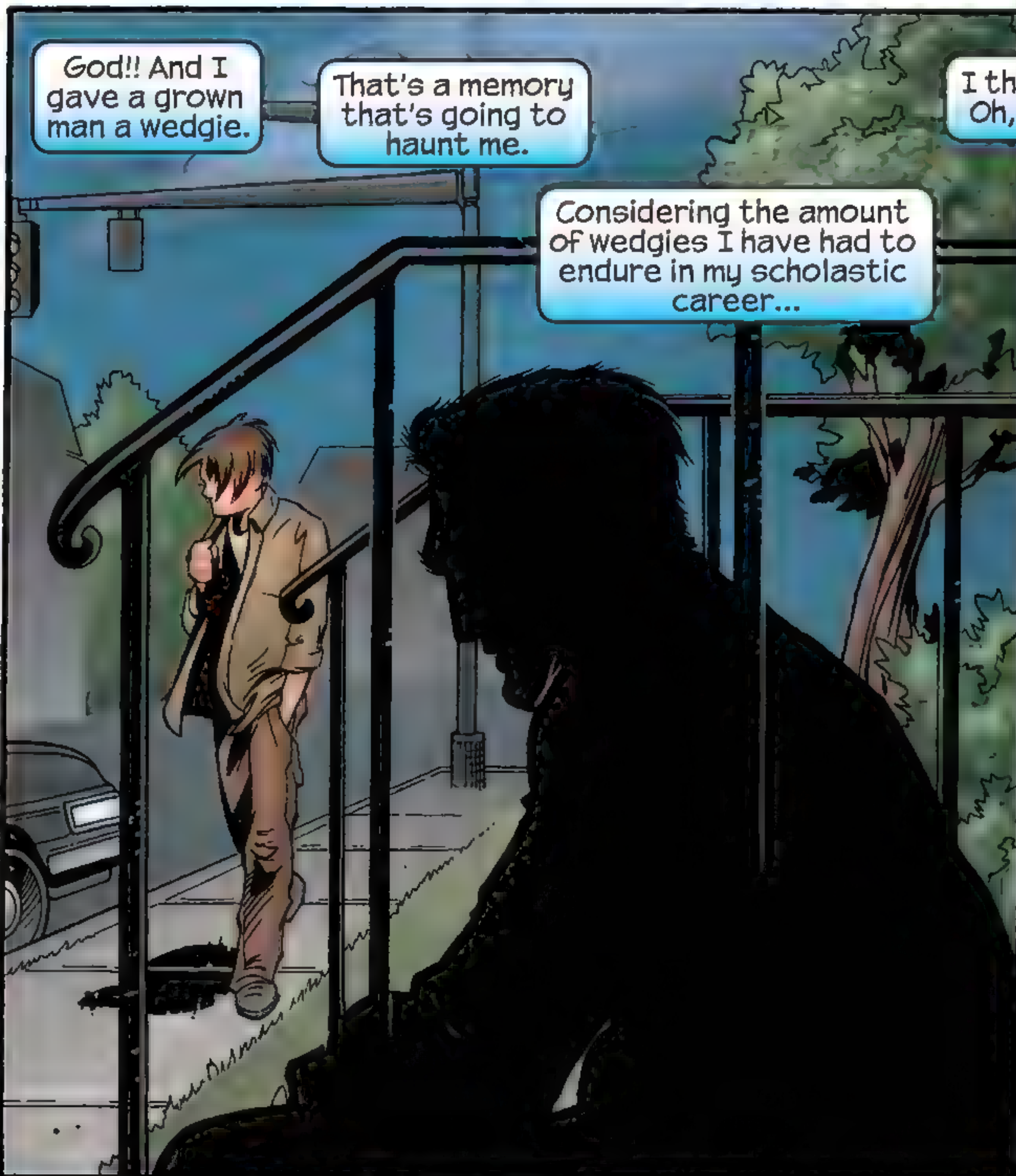
Can't believe it! AGHGH!

I got shot at again!! Again!



Not only did I get *shot* at, but it was over that Jameson jerk!!

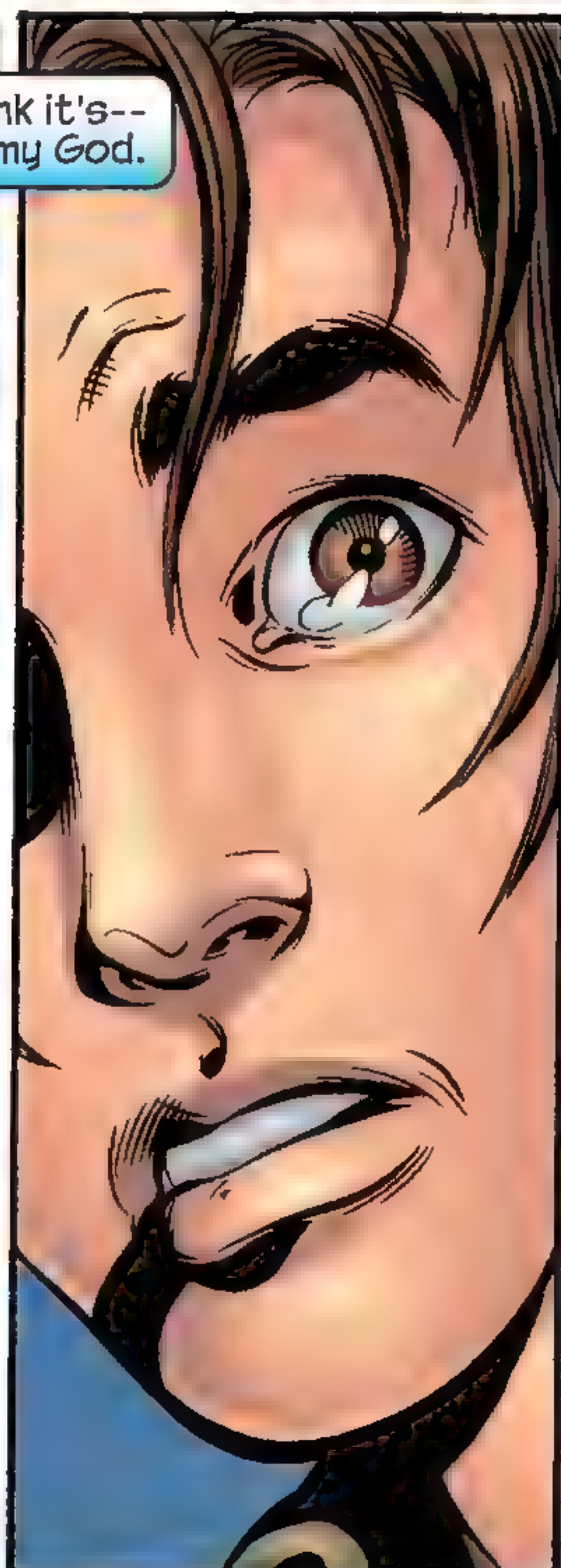
Guy fires me, crucifies my Spider-Man-ness in his paper, and then I spend the day fighting to save *his* life.



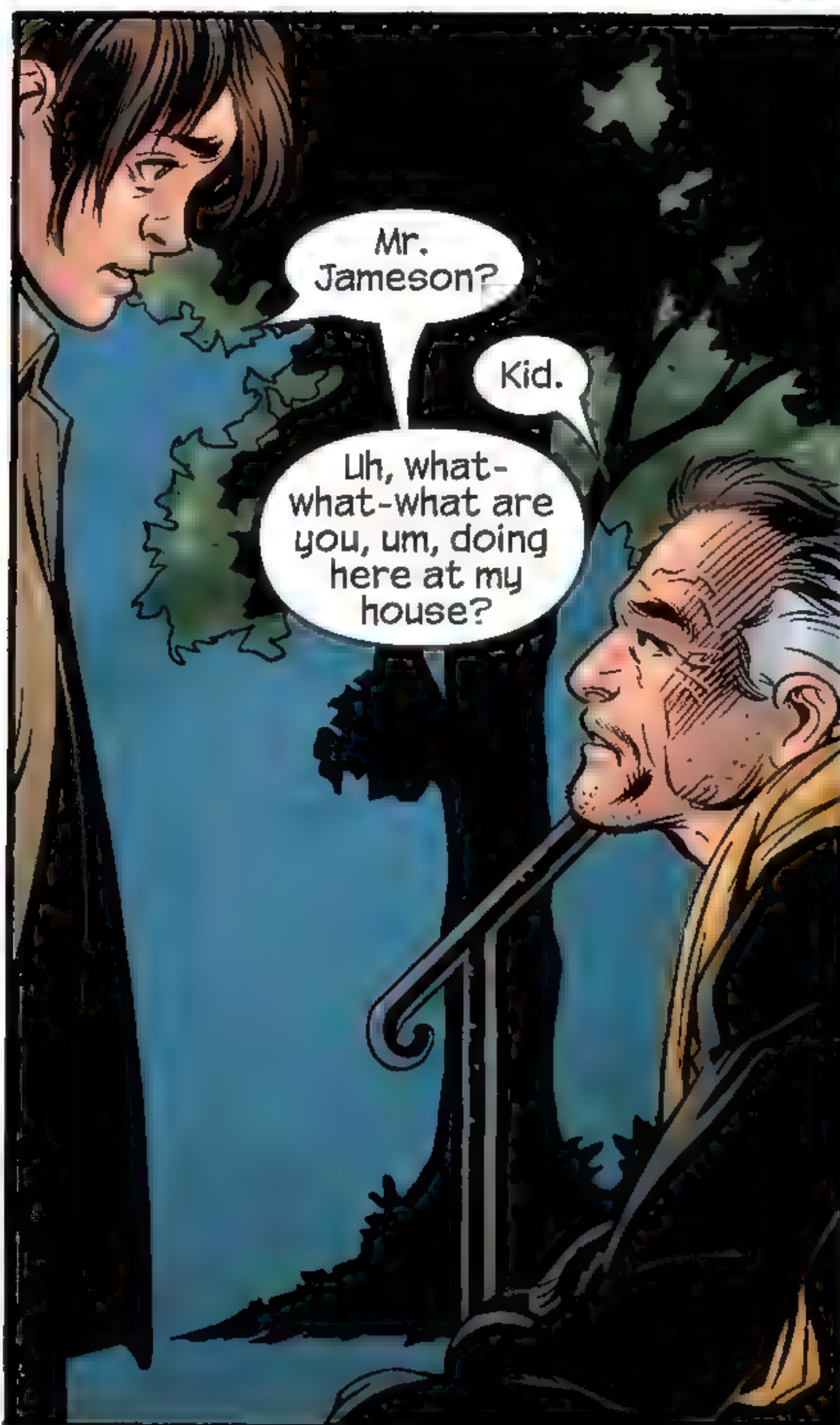
God!! And I gave a grown man a wedgie.

That's a memory that's going to haunt me.

Considering the amount of wedgies I have had to endure in my scholastic career...



I think it's-- Oh, my God.



Mr. Jameson?

Kid.

Uh, what-what-what are you, um, doing here at my house?

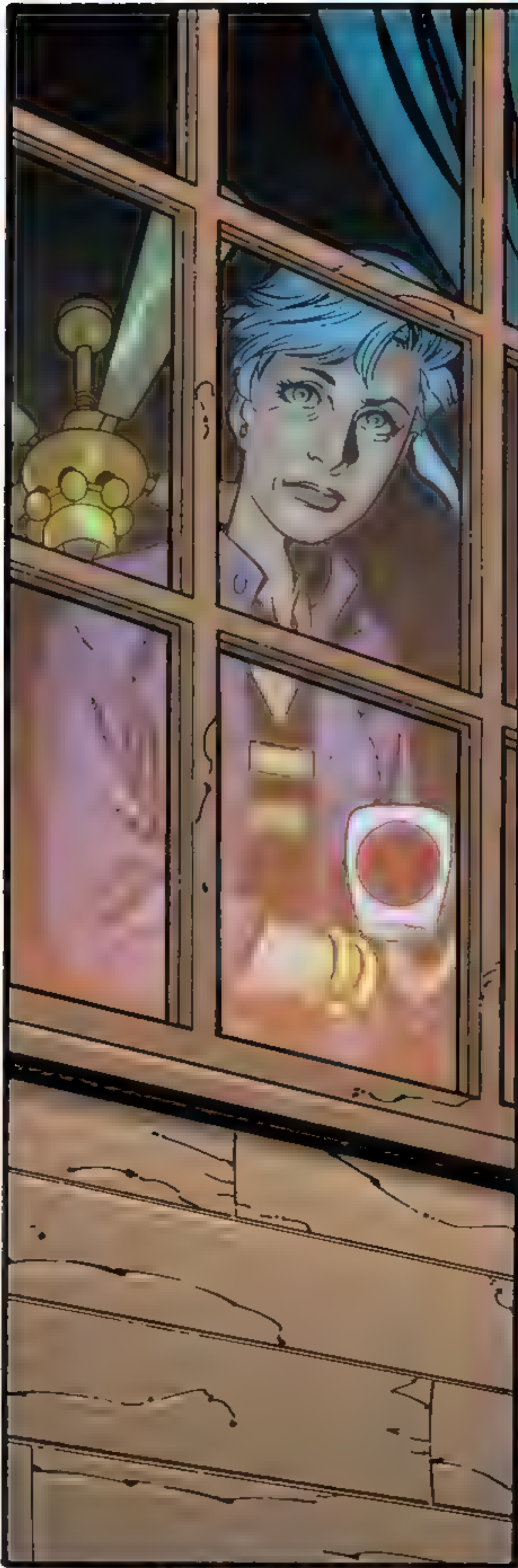


I had an *unusually* bad day at work today, but that's-- no--

That's not why I dragged myself all the way out here to the *nightmare* world that is Queens...

Well, it's *part* of the reason, but it's not the *whole* reason.

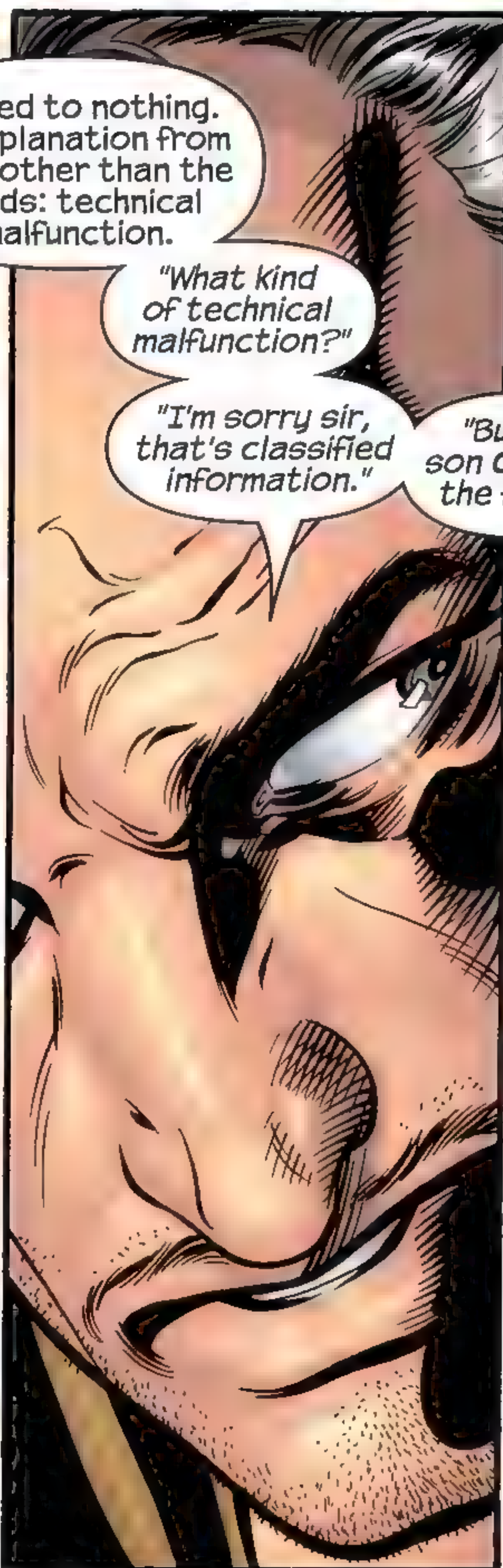




As you probably know, the Orion burned up in orbit.

This was what? About a year ago.

Burned to nothing. No explanation from NASA other than the words: technical malfunction.



"What kind of technical malfunction?"

"I'm sorry sir, that's classified information."

"But my son died on the flight."



"I'm sorry sir, that's classified information."





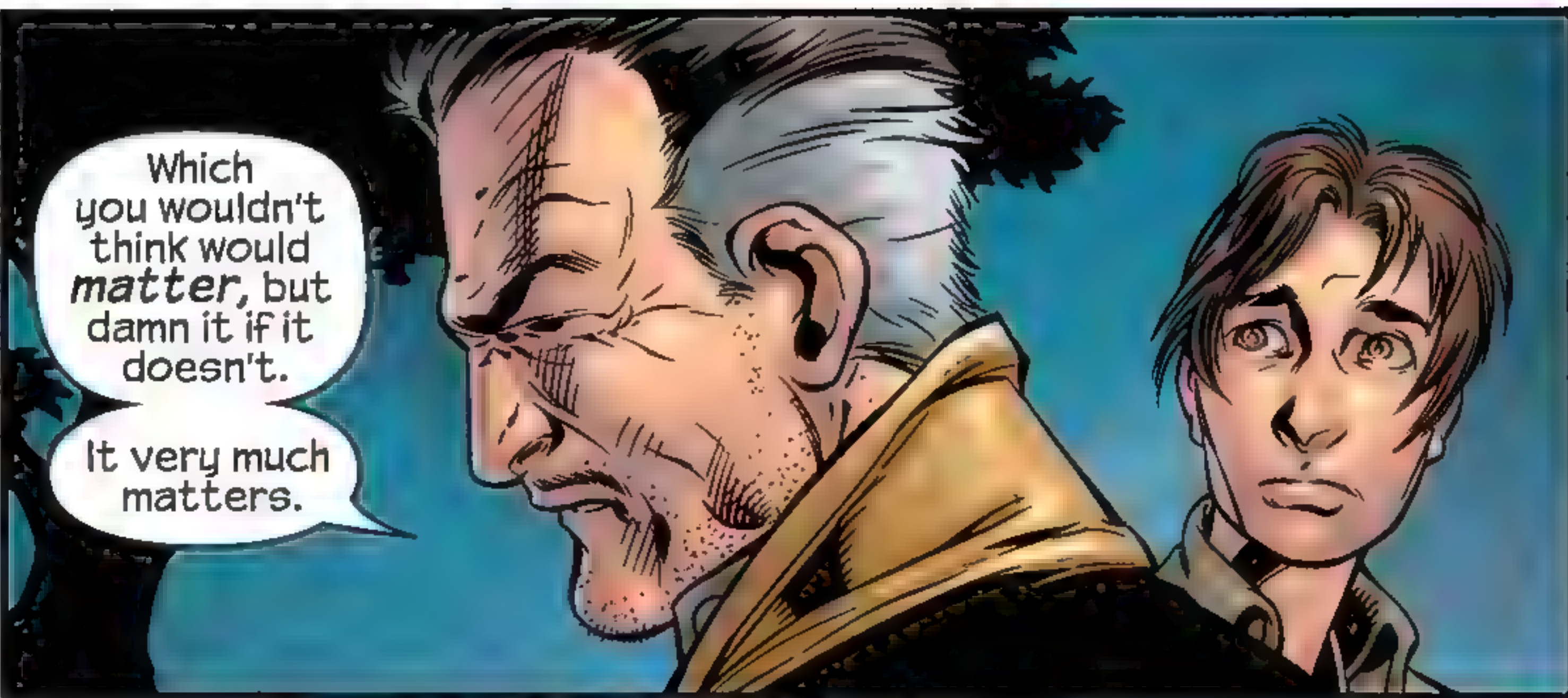
My boy was an astronaut.

A hero.

A hero!!

And he's gone and that's--

I didn't get a body to bury.



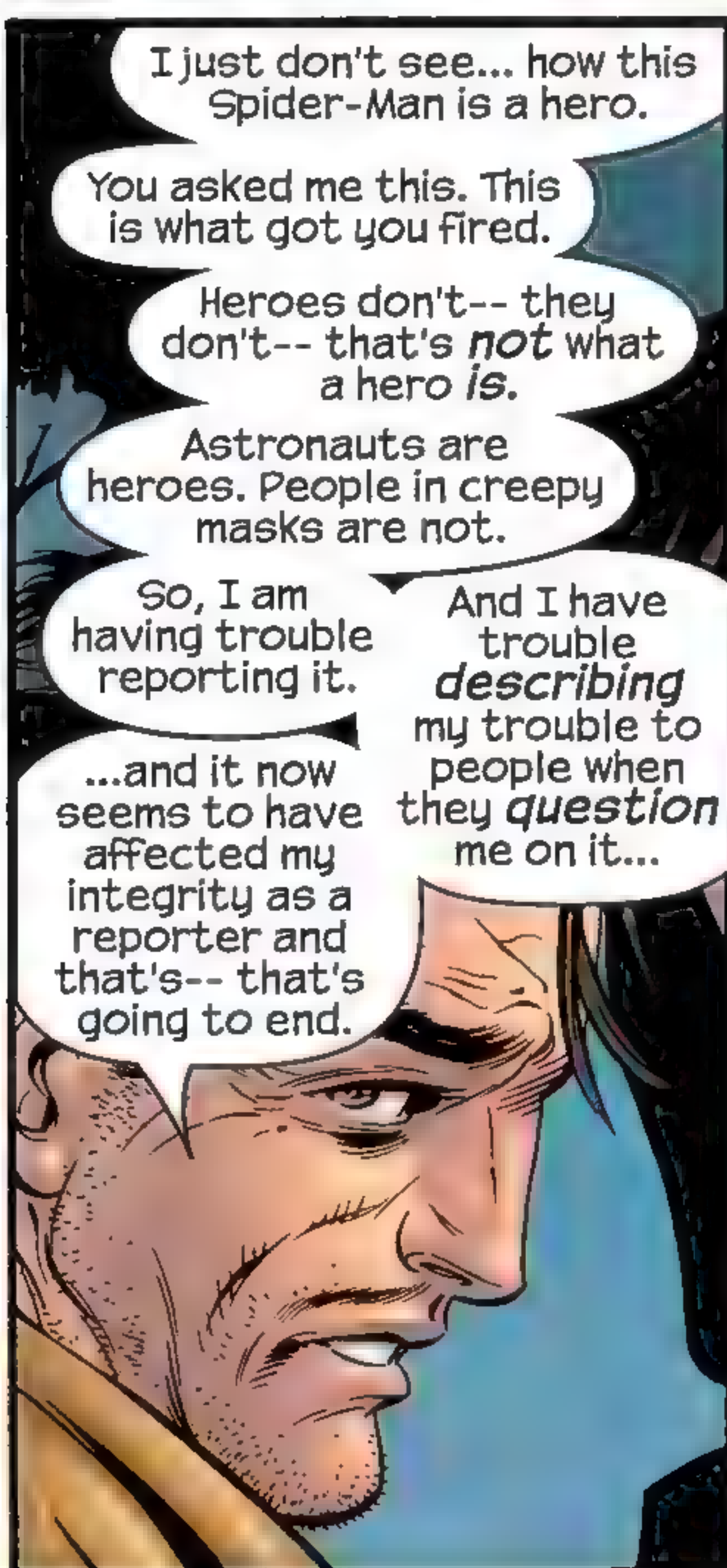
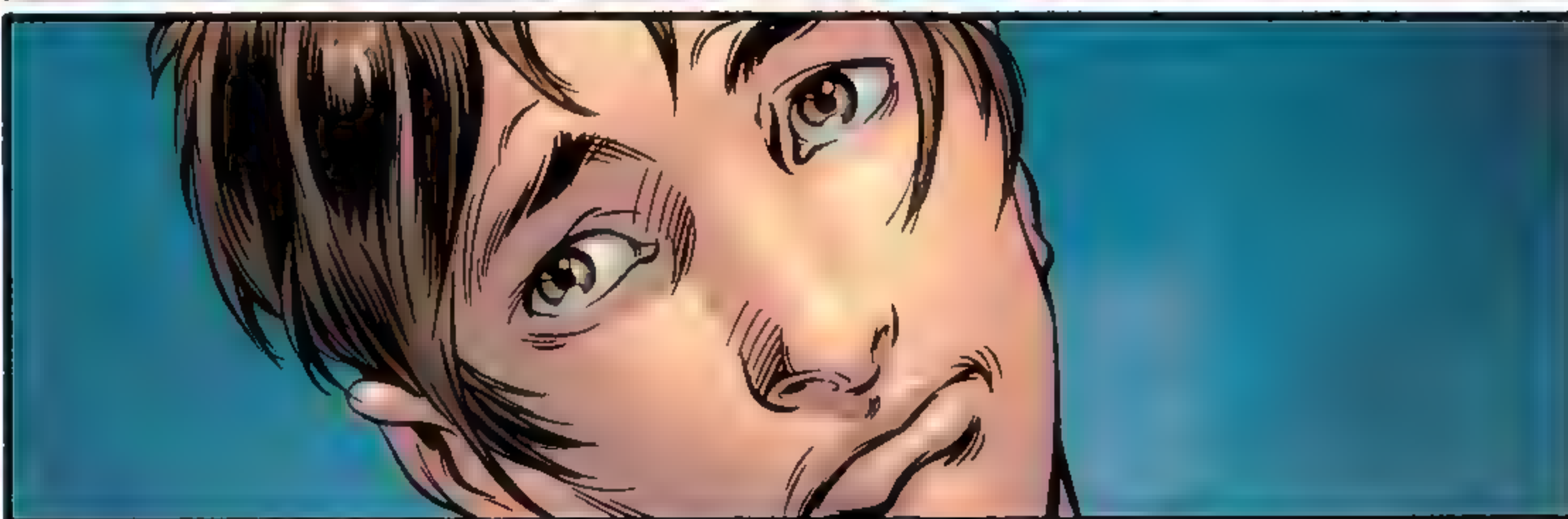
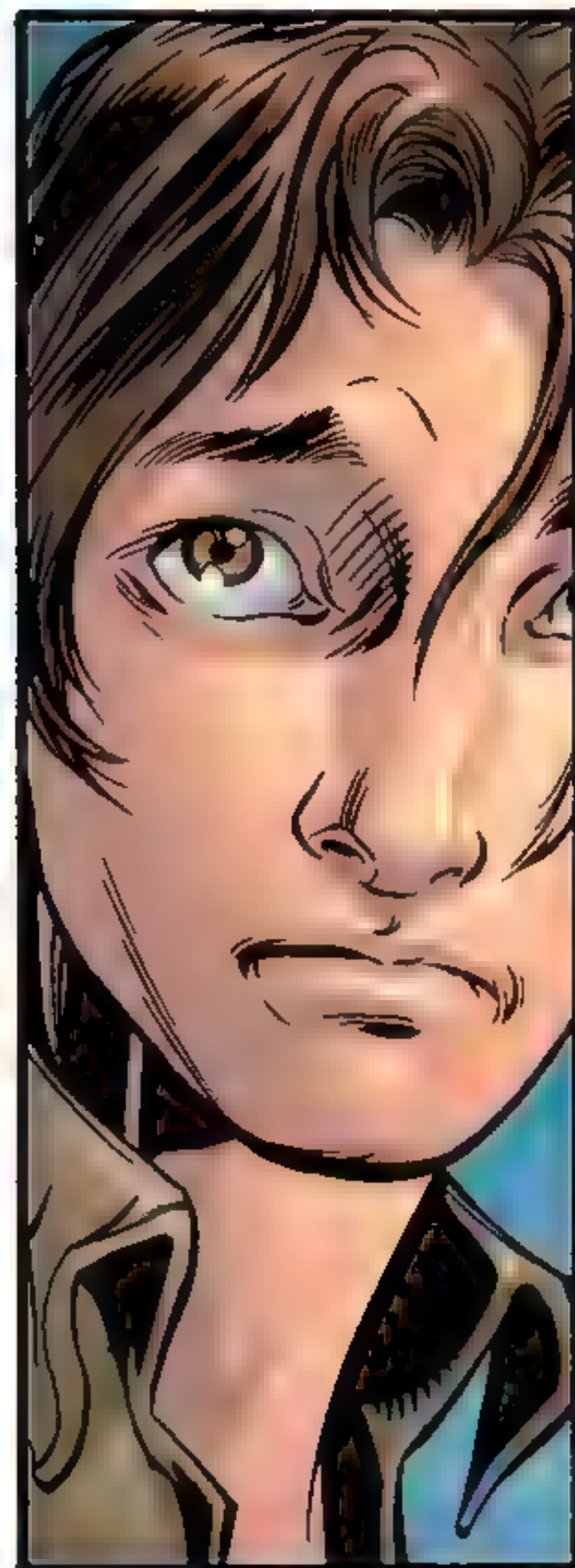
Which you wouldn't think would *matter*, but damn it if it doesn't.

It very much matters.

So I concede to the point that my judgement on certain matters may be somewhat... *clouded* by grief and my unresolved *issues* with that grief.



(I concede that point.)



I just don't see... how this Spider-Man is a hero.

You asked me this. This is what got you fired.

Heroes don't-- they don't-- that's *not* what a hero *is*.

Astronauts are heroes. People in creepy masks are not.

So, I am having trouble reporting it.

...and it now seems to have affected my integrity as a reporter and that's-- that's going to end.

And I have trouble *describing* my trouble to people when they *question* me on it...



Today was a big-- a big eye opener.

There.

That's the thing.

So... there.

I think we both understand that what we are talking about here is between us and not to be discussed.

Sure--

Or brought up again.

Okay.



I-- uh-- saw your editorial.

Good.

Aren't you, uh, worried that the Kingpin's going to try to, I don't know what he does-- but aren't you worried he might... *try* something?

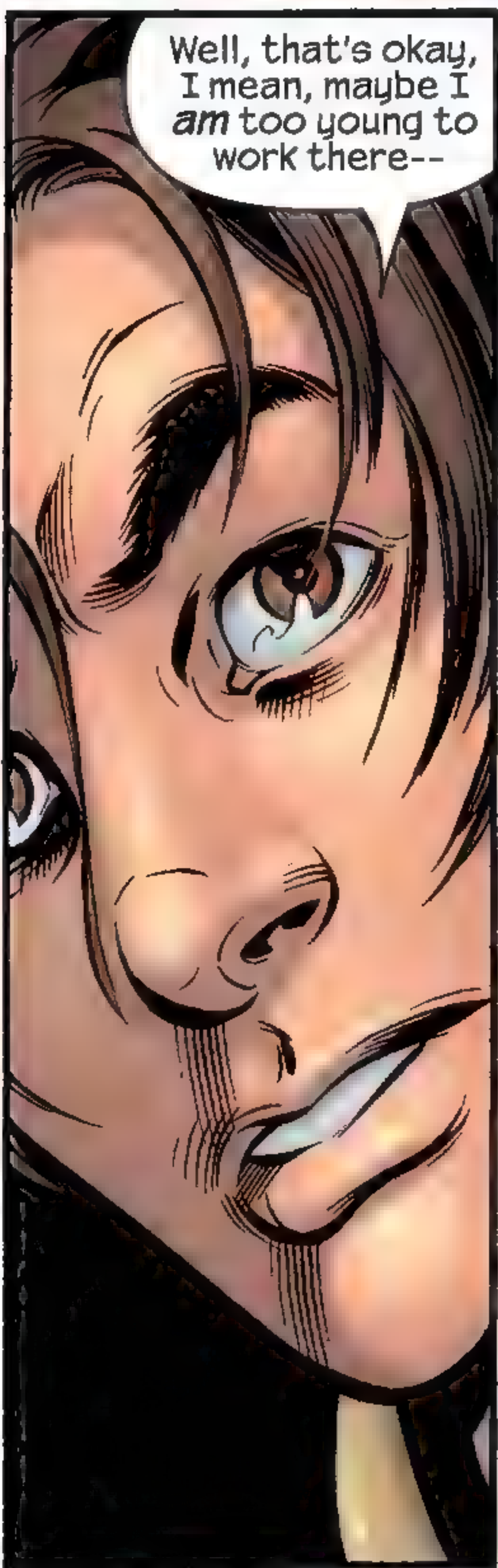
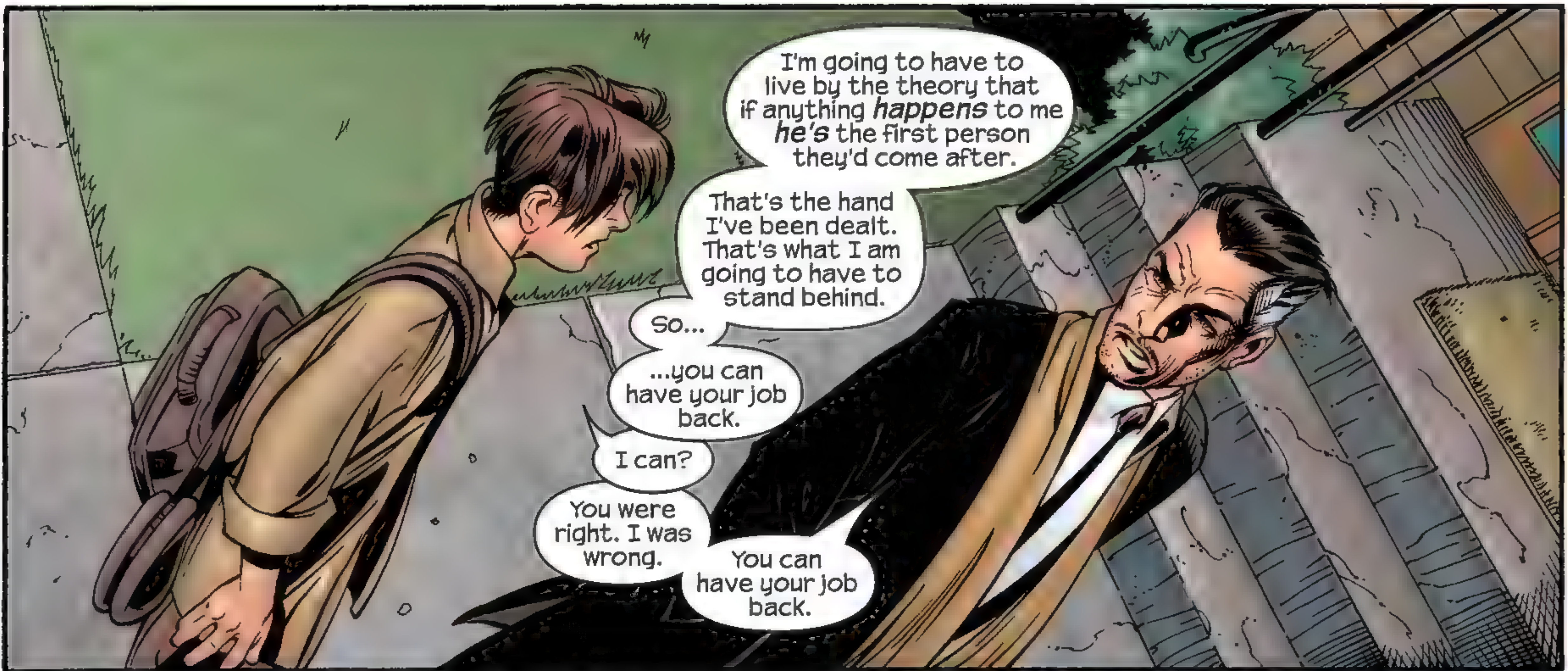
Not after tomorrow he won't.

Why? What's tomorrow?

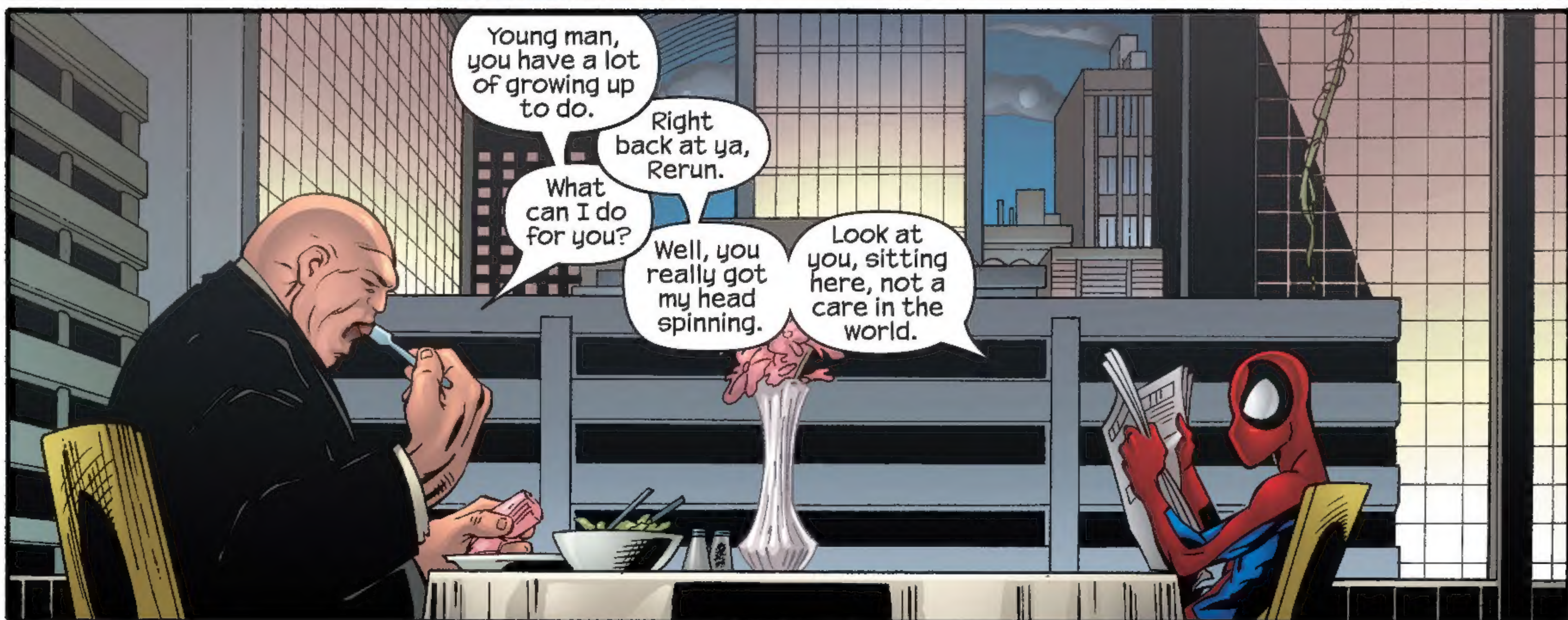
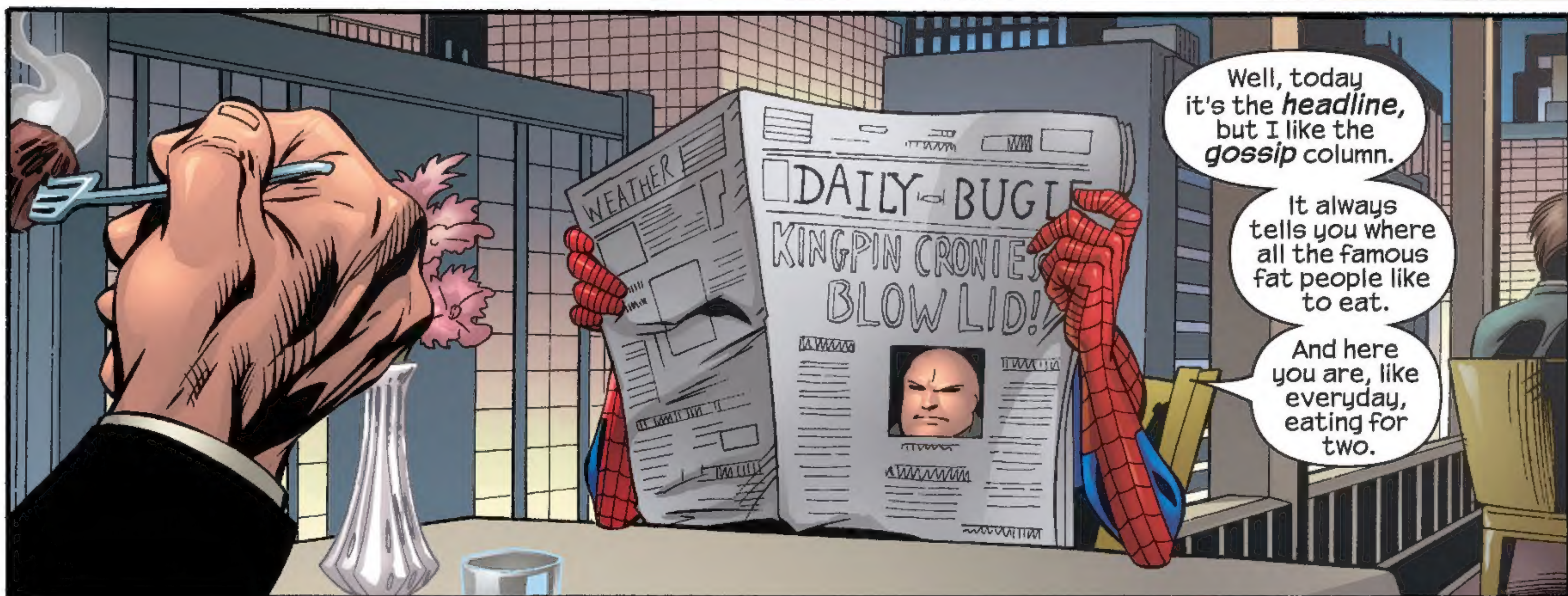
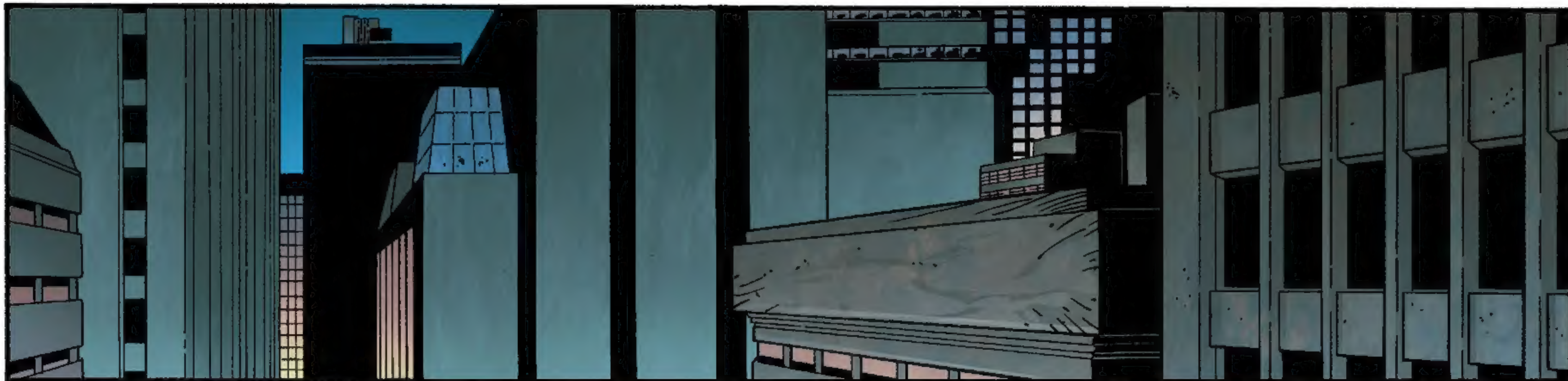
A headline that he can't walk away from.

Really.













The entire world knows you're a murderer and a liar and a thief.

(Even though **murderer** should be plenty.)

And you can just walk about the city and everyone makes nice nice.

Everyone kisses your tuchas.

(Which, I grant you, is an act that could take the better part of a week.)



I guess I'm trying to understand how the world allows you to be.

Because I really don't understand it. I really don't.

And you're trying to do all of this in your pajamas.

Very noble.



Listen, I don't expect to figure it out *today*, but I know one day I will. I *have* to.

I just-- I wanted to look you in the face.

I wanted to *look* at you.



Well, young man, I'll tell you what you see...

You see the face of the man that one day will find out who you *really* are.

And where you go to school.

Because someone out there *knows*.



And I will find out who *they* are and who *you* are...

And when I do...

I will personally come over to your house...



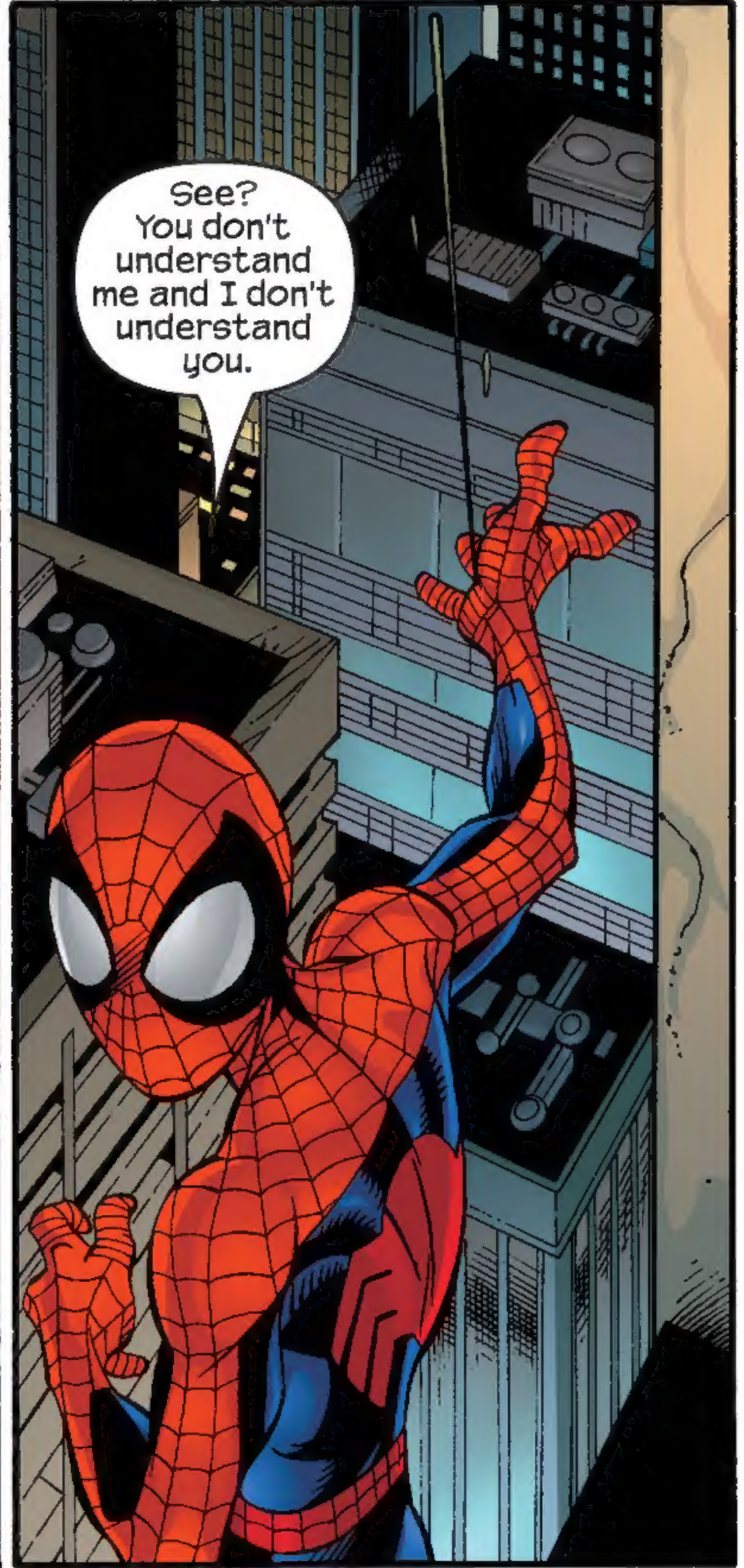
...and I will teach you *exactly* what I am.



Are you *hitting* on me?











**SON OF ULTRAMAN**